

Donald Fleming

The man who
spends YOUR money

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

COVER BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE
Lunch at sea on a Lunenburg dragger

The latest clues in
the hormone mystery

The real-life game
of cops and robbers

MACLEAN'S

APRIL 9, 1960

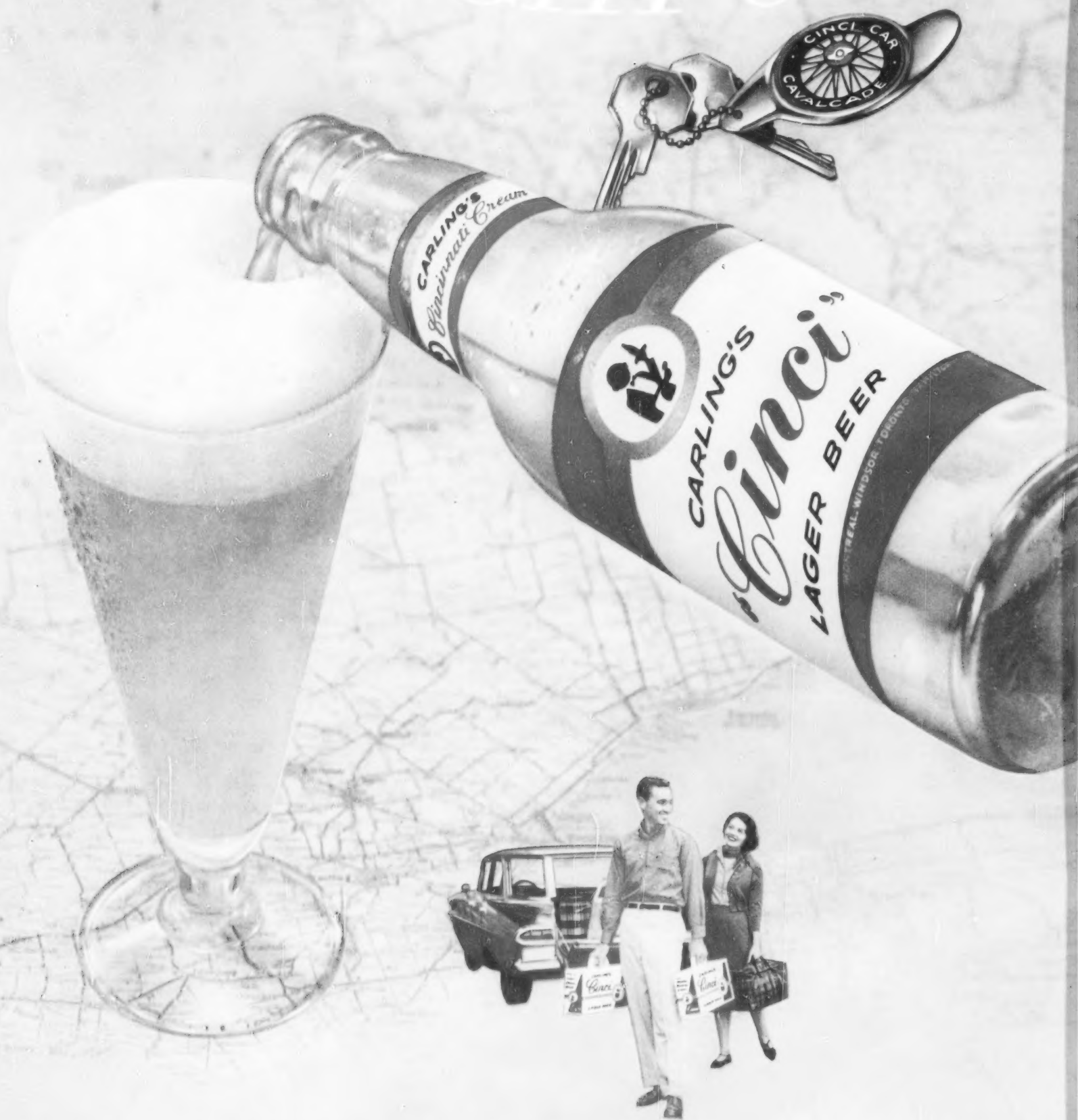
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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ New triumphs for Canadian fashions
- ✓ B.C. football fans: will they all be experts?

SINCE THE ARROW WAS DROPPED, the business world's been speculating on what would become of A. V. Roe's Malton, Ont., enterprise. One hint: With no fanfare at all, Avro's been testing a two-seater sports car, designed on European lines with front wheel drive and DKW's unconventional 3-cylinder motor. Look for it in competition this year—perhaps even in May in the Canadian Racing Drivers' Association 500 kilometers at Harewood Acres, Ont. If and when the Avro car goes on the open market, its price will likely be less than \$3,000.



COMIC-STRIP ARTISTS are going to have to find a new way to clothe their hillbillies; flour sacks are doomed. The CNR has successfully tested a new way to ship flour in bulk—it's loaded into hopper-type railway cars and from there into custom-built trucks with aluminum boxes that hold 50,000 pounds. In stores and supermarkets, of course, almost all flour nowadays is sold (as mixes) in cardboard boxes or small paper bags.

WITH LONDON HALF-CONQUERED, the Montreal garment industry has its eye on even bigger campaigns. Last year, when British import restrictions were eased, eight dress-and-sportswear manufacturers got the surprise of their lives when U. K. buyers stampeded an "exploratory" showing and ordered \$200,000 worth of Canadian clothes. Now 35 firms have signed up for a return match this spring. With London victories consolidated, they'll head for Rome and Paris in a year or so.



DIPLOMAT TO WATCH: 36-year-old Suzanne Tremblay who, after 15 years as a secretary in the French consulate in Winnipeg and without ever having been to France, has just been named to run the whole show. Miss Tremblay, 10th child in a St. Boniface, Man., family of 14, picks up where the dapper, ultra-Gallic Count Serge de Fleury left off, representing France in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. A drama-buff, she'll "concentrate on the cultural side of the job" first. Other duties include building Canadian-French trade and choosing two bursary winners every year to go to France to study.

HOT TIP ON THE ART MARKET: The best of a collection of Eskimo stone-cut and sealskin-stencil prints, on sale for the first time this spring for \$10 to \$65 should rocket up in price. To prevent a repeat of the glutted market for Eskimo carvings, the West Baffin Eskimo co-operative, which handles the Cape Dorset carving community's output, limited impressions of each print to 30 or 40. And, since the current collection was made, three of the 11 artists, including the best one, have died. New York's Museum of Modern Art got the only chance to buy up some in advance and took five. If second-sale prices get too high, Northern Affairs, in charge of distributing it in the south, may jack up the original price.

IF THEY DO THEIR HOMEWORK, hundreds of B. C. Lions football fans ought to be among the smartest anywhere this year. They're studying the game in a series of Monday-evening lectures set up by Dr. C. C. Watson, director of adult education in Burnaby. More than 1,000 fans—half of them women—jammed the first lecture last month to hear Lions coach Wayne Robinson start with real fundamentals: "This is the field. It's 110 yards long." Previous all-time high for Burnaby night-school was 134, for a class on "How to invest your money."

WHERE DDT HAS FAILED, atomic unsexing may wipe out the codling moth, a menace to Okanagan Valley apple growers' incomes. The plot, now being hatched by scientists under Dr. D. M. Proverbs at the Summerland, B.C., agricultural research station, goes this way: Thousands of male codling moths, sterilized in the pupa stage in atomic irradiators, will be loosed in orchards to mate with unsuspecting females. The law of averages should reduce codlings to the vanishing point in a few generations.

NEW (AND EXPERT) PLAYERS JOIN THE REAL ESTATE GAME



Can women take it over completely?

REALTORS MAY, SANKEY & IRWIN

WOMEN, who've been making the decisions about buying houses for years, are taking over the selling end too.

Fifteen years ago (though no one kept the exact figures) there were about as many female real estate salesmen in Canada as there were lady weight-lifters. Today, one of every seven members of the Canadian Association of Real Estate Boards is a woman. In Vancouver, 360 women sell a fifth of all houses. In Montreal, 200 housewives have started selling real estate in the last five years. A recent Saturday issue of the Winnipeg Free Press listed 56 feminine names to call under Houses for Sale. One major Toronto realtor's staff is more than half women.

Most of their value is in talking to buyers' wives. "Fluttering your eyelids doesn't impress a man who's going to make a major investment," one successful agent told Maclean's.

However they do it, dozens are out-

selling most salesmen. A few to watch: **Muriel May**, a comely B. C. brunette, is the only woman selling for British Pacific Properties (owned by Britain's Guinness family which built the Lions Gate Bridge). In 16 years of selling land, she's done "many, many, many times a million dollars business."

Evelyn Hinds, who runs a Calgary firm that has seven women salesmen, tied for highest in Canada last year in exams on real estate law and property management.

Gertrude Eberwein topped all Winnipeg last year in selling co-op listings.

Beatrice Sankey, grandmother and former BBC singer, is the first woman director of the Toronto Real Estate Board.

Betty Irwin, wife of a Montreal advertising executive, runs up enough commissions on higher-priced houses to take four months' holidays and still make \$10,000 a year.

SOME ADVANCE TIPS ON HEALTH INSURANCE

IF THE CCF wins this year's Saskatchewan election, the province is almost certain to be committed to prepaid health insurance. (Unlike government hospital insurance, which 12 million Canadians now hold, it'll pay doctors' bills.) How will the plan, much like the U. K.'s work in Canada?

There's some valuable evidence close to home. Saskatchewan's own Health Region No. 1, around Swift Current, has had a medical plan since July 1946.

There, by and large, the plan's been a success. Although the Saskatchewan College of Physicians and Surgeons has come out against a provincial plan ("we'd be civil servants") most doctors in Swift Current grudgingly admit they like it. They're sure of getting their fees—and fast—though the fees are often lower. They have some complaints—they'd like voting representation on the 12-man administrative board—but they're few. In '46, there were 19 doctors in the region; there are 41 today,

although population's gone up only about 5%.

Cost of the plan has gone up in 14 years too—but not much out of step with the cost of living.

Today, residents pay \$24 a year if they're single, \$40 if married, \$50 with a family—which covers nearly 75% of the costs. (The rest comes from a property tax and government grants.) They get all surgery and maternity, dental care for kids under 12 and almost all other services free. A fee for consultation was imposed in 1953.

J. J. Bremner, an express-company worker whose 15-year-old child has spent 14 months in hospital with a diseased hip and couldn't walk for two years, summed up his feelings about Swift Current's plan this way: "I don't know how I'd have managed without it. As I see it, people who can afford to pay their medical bills save money under our plan. The others save their health."—MURRAY BURT

BRIGHT FUTURE FOR A 93-YEAR-OLD TYCOON

THE FASTEST-RISING mogul in the axe-making game these days is Morley P. Walters of Hull, P.Q. This summer, just over a year since he opened a now-thriving subsidiary to his Canadian company, Walters will turn 94.

Before his birthday, his Ogdensburg, N.Y., branch plant should be grinding out 300 axes (both heads and handles) a day—a half-million-dollar-a-year clip. The parent company, older than Confederation (Morley took it over from his father) finishes nearly three times that many—enough to make Black Diamond axes Canada's biggest sellers.

The company's bull-shouldered, six-foot (Ottawa Rough Riders, '05) president, goes to work every day, wearing a loud checked suit, and walks among the clanging forges and howling grindstones with the bounce of a boy of 60.

Twice a week, a chauffeur whisks him the 65 miles to Ogdensburg. "Down there," he told Maclean's, "they say I'm

either a damn smart old Canadian or a damn old fool for opening a new business at my age." Why'd he do it? "Biggest market in the world—and high prices. It appeals to my spirit of adventure."

That spirit has also taken Walters around the world five times. Before his wife died in 1943 they were planning a trip to South America. In Canada, he fishes on summer weekends, plays with his Springer spaniels and writes poetry for fun.

What's next for our oldest man-to-watch? "I'd like to get my U. S. plant bigger than the one in Hull," he grins. "After that, maybe get back the markets in Australia and New Zealand we lost when pounds sterling were short." —DON PEACOCK



BACKSTAGE

WITH THE REFUGEES By Blair Fraser



"As each wave goes through immigration, the handicapped remain like a sediment."

CAN THE "CATCH-BASINS OF MISERY" BE EMPTIED?

Canada's role,
say overseas officials, is still "puny"

SALZBURG, AUSTRIA
MOST STORIES about refugees are written in a mood of indignant pity. Real-life versions of Menotti's opera *The Consul*, they picture human beings rejected and left to rot by blind, unheeding bureaucracies who won't let them in or out because their papers are not in order.

These reports are true enough. Among 110,000 stateless people under the mandate of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, there are hundreds and maybe thousands bound in shallows and in misery because they don't quite fit the right category for immigration. Some are a little too old — you can be too old at forty-six. Others lack the right skills, or have some ancient blemish on their political or police records that years of good behavior do not efface. It is heartbreaking indeed to see such families sinking into despair

in the squalid camps that house 22,000 people in four countries of Europe, or among the thousands more to whom even a refugee camp offers a better dwelling than the shacks, disused barracks and old barns that they use instead. Given a new chance in a new land, these men and women could be leading normal lives, and the thought that they cannot is infuriating to the onlooker.

Nevertheless, these stories somewhat obscure the real heart and core of the refugee problem in Europe, the problem that World Refugee Year is designed to solve. The people who could look after themselves in another country, who need nothing more than a second chance, are not the difficult cases. The difficult cases are the ones nobody wants at all — the seriously handicap-

ped, who will still need some help wherever they go.

Of these, the ones we hear most about are the TB cases. Canada's first contribution to World Refugee Year was to take one hundred such families under government sponsorship. Recently, that quota has been increased. Private sponsors will bring in others. There are still more than four hundred active TB cases left among the refugees in Austria alone, but Canada's action has certainly been welcome and helpful.

But now, according to the officials who are handling refugees here, TB cases have become the easiest to place among those with any handicaps at all. Austria has about three thousand altogether with physical disabilities, of whom only about twelve percent have TB. Another thousand suffer from chronic ailments of various sorts. Then there are the paralytics, the deaf, the blind, the people who have lost a limb or have some other impairment. Hardest of all to place are those with a history of mental illness, and there are about a hundred families with at least one such member among Austria's refugees.

The bitterest irony is the fate of those who are classed as "post-TB" — six hundred in Austria alone. These are people who once had the disease, sometimes without even knowing it, and whose X-ray plates reveal the scars, but who have since been cured. Because they are no longer "active" TB cases, they were not eligible for admission under Canada's special program for World Refugee Year — but because they have TB scars showing on their X-ray plates, they aren't eligible for admission as ordinary immigrants, either. They are neither sick enough nor well enough to come to Canada.

The physically handicapped are only half of the so-called "hard core" of refugees. Others are "socially handicapped," a delicate term that covers a variety of types. "Unattached females with children," for example, may be unlucky widows trying to bring up a respectable family, or they may be mere tramps with a growing brood of illegitimates; in either case, nobody wants them. A police record may mean only that the refugee broke some regulations, or it may mean he really is a criminal; either way, he's "inadmissible" to most countries. There are also the chronic misfits who can't keep a job, and always seem to need more help no matter how much they have had.

The percentage of handicapped among refugees is low, lower than that among the general population. But as each wave of refugees goes through the screen of "selective" immigration policies, the handicapped tend to remain like a human sediment in the countries that first gave them asylum.

This is why refugee officials have been rather less impressed than a Canadian might expect by Canada's current rate of acceptance and sponsorship of TB families. Frankly, they think it's puny. Ever since the early postwar days when "displaced persons" were being moved out of camps, they say, Canada has been methodically and systematically taking the cream of the crop, hundreds of thousands of the best people available. As a policy for ordinary immigration, this was only sensible. As a

sharing of the duty to give asylum to refugees, though, it wasn't adequate.

Arthur Foster, the Englishman who directs operations in Salzburg for the World Council of Churches, put it this way: "If you're going to take away the economic assets from among the refugees, it's your duty to take your share of the uneconomic, too."

Some other countries have been doing this. Sweden, in the past ten years, has taken not one hundred but two thousand of the TB cases, and it's a proud boast of the Swedes that most of these patients have now been cured and are earning their own livings without help. Norway has taken a smaller number, but has sought out the really difficult cases for rehabilitation, and has had some rather spectacular successes with people who had been written off as hopeless.

Actually, Canada's record in the field is better than the recent figures make it look. When the Hungarian rebellion three years ago released a flood of refugees, Canada took 38,000 of them with only nominal medical inspection or, in many cases, none at all. Later, five percent or about two thousand of them had to be sent to hospital for treatment of various ills, where they were supported at government expense.

But the fact still remains that the refugee camps of Europe are shocking catch-basins of misery that ought to be closed down and permanently abandoned, and that this goal cannot be reached unless all concerned are willing to do a bit more than they have contracted to do up to now.

The task is not as large as some figures make it appear. There are 110,000 people in Europe with the political status of refugees, meaning that they have no passports, are not citizens of the countries where they live, cannot safely return to the countries of which they are citizens, and thus fall under the mandate of the United Nations Commissioner for Refugees. But of these 110,000 the great majority, probably three quarters, are self-supporting workers. They have managed to find themselves jobs, dwellings, places in the community, and are outwardly indistinguishable from ordinary citizens. Most of them have no desire to migrate to another country.

Migration is not the answer, either, for the refugees at the other extreme — the utterly helpless and hopeless who will always need care. Speaking for the World Council of Churches, Arthur Foster said: "We have never advised migration for a man who has no future. We try instead to get him into some kind of institution, preferably in a country where he knows the language."

The ones for whom place must be found abroad are a fairly small remainder — probably fewer than twenty thousand for the whole of Europe. (The Middle East and Hong Kong are another and much more difficult matter). For the Western world as a whole, this is a number so small as to look trivial. For one or two hard-pressed countries on the border of the Communist bloc, though, it's a burden that is becoming insupportable. And if we want those countries to keep on offering asylum to any of Communism's victims who can get away, we shall have to take on a bigger share of it. ★



At 33c a bottle, everyone's doing it.

DO-IT-YOURSELF, for most Old Canadians, conjures a picture of Daddy in overalls, wrestling a new shelf into the kitchen cupboard or fibreglassing the family boat. For thousands of New Canadians it means following a tradition they've had for generations: making gallons of wine in their own basements.

Last year, old and new Canadians bought 1,906½ carloads of California grapes — 700 more than in 1958. There's no record of how Canadian grapes are sold, so no one knows how many went for homemade wine.

But since California grapes don't make very good nibbling and don't make very good jam, it isn't too

BACKSTAGE WITH WINEMAKERS

Why an old-country habit's got the new-country vintners upset

hard to figure how they were used.

To find out where and by whom, the Canadian Wine Institute, already angry at watching a good potential market turn sour, last fall enlisted a Toronto private eye.

His report made them even angrier.

Biggest customers were Italian-Canadians, many of them in Toronto, where more than 1,000 of the imported 1,900 carloads were unloaded. Where there's a light Italian population, as in the Maritimes or on the prairies, few grapes were imported.

Even for inexperienced non-Italians, home winemaking's easy. A grape press costs from \$60 to \$150 — or you can have a commercial presser crush your grapes for about 15c a gallon. All you need then is a barrel to let the wine ferment for about three months. Last year, says the Wine Institute, about 2,000 presses and 7,500 barrels were sold in the Toronto area alone.

Final costs are about 33c a 26-

ounce bottle. In most provinces (Ontario is one) a family can make 100 gallons a year without a permit. They're not supposed to sell or exchange it, but many do.

Commercial winemakers are frustrated by more than the low bargain prices (with sales and excise taxes, their cheapest brands cost 85c a bottle). They're restricted by law to using Canadian grapes and, they say, they've spent millions developing the quality.

Furthermore, says institute president Ken Armstrong, "we're subject to close government control of quality and sanitation but the basement winemakers can ferment their grapes any way they want."

Some of the more experienced can make various degrees of sweet and dry, red and white, even bubbly wine. A lot claim they make it stronger than commercial types do. Uh uh. No matter how much you ferment wine, you can't get it past 14% alcohol by volume. — DERM DUNWOODY

Backstage IN BUSINESS

Can old athletes make good in second careers?

EYES ON THE FUTURE, scores of Canadian boys every year turn down chances to become professional athletes for a single reason: Except for the lucky few who stay in sport as executives, almost all pro athletes' careers end well before they're 40.

What happens then? When old athletes fade away, where do they go?

The picture's not as gloomy as the boys might think. While a few old pros can't find anything to do when they've hung up their equipment, most have managed to squeeze an education or the beginning of a new career into off-season months.

Not many reach the heights of Mervyn (Red) Dutton, one-time NHL player and later league president, who's now a wealthy Calgary construction man. But a surprising number have built highly successful business careers.

Reginald (Red) Horner, former Toronto Maple Leaf who led the NHL in penalties for eight consecutive years (after Red Dutton led it for one) is now president of Canada Coal in Toronto. "If you use an athletic career right, it can be a great stepping stone to business," he told Maclean's.

Horner's successor as league villain was Jimmy Orlando of the Detroit Red Wings. Orlando, who now runs Aldo's, a Montreal cocktail lounge, says: "Hockey helped me a lot. I get most of the sports crowd."

You don't have to be a bad man of course. Syl Apps, former Maple Leaf captain, is now sales manager of Milton Brick. "My hockey career," he told Maclean's, "has given me contacts everywhere."

Most agree, Frank Fredrickson, a hockey Hall-of-Famer and now a successful life insurance salesman and Vancouver alderman, says he's been helped "immeasurably." Chester (Cookie) Gilchrist, now with Toronto Argonauts, is a partner in the recently formed Argos' Brite-Lite Service. "My name is advertising enough," he says. When one-time hockey great Fred (Cyclone) Taylor came out of retirement (as chief of immigration in Vancouver) last fall to help at his son's sports shop, his son's first act was to order a huge electric sign saying CYCLONE TAYLOR'S.

Years of fat pay cheques help too. Montreal Canadiens, one of the highest paid hockey teams ever, boasts a roster of businessmen: Jean Beliveau, Maurice Richard and Doug Harvey. Says Butch Bouchard, ex-Canadien and now a prosperous restaurateur: "If I hadn't made that money out of hockey, who knows where I'd be now?"

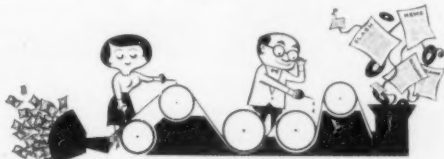
But you don't have to have been a pro to cash in on sports fame. Vancouver's Percy Williams, winner of two gold sprint medals in the 1928 Olympics, is now a successful insurance agent. He told Maclean's: "Every time some youngster runs a fast 100 yards the newspapers drag my name out. People have read about me, so I get in to see them. I think that curiosity plays a big part."



WILLIAMS

Backstage AT OTTAWA

How and where the government spends millions to convince you it's spending all the billions well



One group with an uncut budget: Ottawa's PRs.

WHEN FINANCE MINISTER Donald Fleming brought down his estimates of next year's federal spending recently, the Tory mood of slashing government expenditures was expressed in such cuts as \$87 million off our defense appropriations, \$10 million less for the external affairs department, and a hefty slice in the RCMP budget. But one of the few branches of government activity which has had its dollar allotment raised is the business of convincing you your money is being efficiently spent.

The bill for government press agency, in all its many forms, has been raised by an extra million to the all-time high of \$21 million.

Government departments in Ottawa now employ about 200 men and women to pump out an estimated half a million words a month

in press releases, to make films and give speeches, and set up exhibitions — all extolling the accomplishments of the federal agencies.

The armed forces have the largest PR cadre (nearly 100 men) and do the most effective job. Bill Dumsday, who oversees the \$4 million spent annually in the public relations activities of the three armed services and the Defense Research Board, is the government's highest-paid public relations man (at \$9,420 a year). When he was a North Bay newspaperman in 1934, Dumsday got the world scoop on the birth of the Dionne quintuplets.

Of the major government departments, only Finance, Justice, National Revenue and Defense Production have no public relations set-up, relying on reporters to come and dig out the news.

Many of the top government PR jobs are held by women, including the spokesmen for External Affairs, Citizenship and Immigration, Mines and Technical Surveys, and Northern Affairs and National Resources. The head of Northern Affairs press relations is Mrs. Irene Baird, who wrote best-selling novels about the Canadian depression during the Thirties.

Trade and Commerce concentrates its PR activities on designing and staffing foreign exhibitions of Canadian products. This year there'll be twenty-one fairs in nine countries.

But the economy wave has hit government public relations departments in one way at least:

External Affairs now uses both sides of the paper in its releases. — PETER C. NEWMAN

Background

THE OBSTINATE SMOKER

Can people be taught not to smoke? Last year, the Edinburgh, Scotland, health department spent £4,350 on newspaper, radio and TV ads, posters, leaflets, letters and meetings in an anti-smoking campaign. Results? No one claimed to have given up smoking though nearly 9% of the smokers interviewed after the campaign said they'd cut down a bit. "Campaigns of this type," reported the city's medical research officer, "are unlikely to produce changes in behavior."

WHAT MAKES NAILS GROW?

New ammunition for parents trying to stop their kids' fingernail-biting: A New York University doctor, writing in Modern Medicine, says the more you bite nails the faster they'll grow. Only other thing that increases growth is pregnancy, though the speed varies greatly among individuals. Acute infections, chronic diseases, even the common cold, can slow it down.

CBC GETS THE POINT

Two years ago, Montreal poets Louis Dudek and Irving Layton teamed up to write a play spoofing government control of culture. In it, Russia buys all Canada's unsold plays,

novels and poems and gets a stranglehold on our writers. The manuscript was submitted to the CBC. The CBC lost it.

LOAVES AND FISHES

New hope for the Maritimes, steadily losing markets for their fish: A plant near Capetown, South Africa, is turning out 30 tons a month of "fish flour" made from locally caught pilchard and used to "enrich" bread.

THE AGGRESSIVE SEX: WOMEN?

From the steady advance on scientific frontiers comes just as steady a flow of fascinating footnotes. One, from a detailed paper in the Journal of

the American Sociological Society, written by Robert Sommer of the Saskatchewan Hospital: Two women at a cafeteria luncheon table sit closer together than do two men; a woman joining a man already seated sits closer to him than he would to her. "Obviously," says Sommer, "cultural influences are at work here."

NEWS TO MAKE YOU BLUSH

Ever notice that young children don't blush? Here, said a U.S. psychiatrist this spring, is why: There's an agency in humans that demands that truth must out. Toddlers always tell the truth and don't learn to blush till they're taught to lie.

Backtalk ABOUT DIETS

A top Canadian nutritionist blasts fads in foods



Down with vitamin pills; up cholesterol: one doctor's guide to common-sense eating

THE STEADILY BURGEONING array of contradictory dos and don'ts on diet has left many people bamboozled. Should you eat fat and grow slim or eat less and grow leaner? Should you eat no potatoes or nothing but potatoes?

This spring, in a book with the no-nonsense title of *Foods Without Fads* (Lippincott), renowned University of Toronto nutritionist, Dr. E. W. McHenry, talks back to the people who insist on or believe in old saws and new apothegms, such as:

Vitamin pills are a necessary diet supplement.

"The place to buy vitamins is the food store . . . not the drug store," says McHenry. Millions spent on vitamin preparations benefit the sellers, not the buyers. The only adults who need vitamin D are pregnant women. Children need 400 units of vitamin D a day but can be harmed, even fatally, by severe overdosing. Vitamin pills won't cure colds or tiredness, and ascorbic acid, touted for many ills, cures only scurvy. An average man's daily vitamin needs are met by these typical servings of everyday foods: Vitamin A, two ounces of carrot; thiamine, two pork chops; riboflavin, one pint of milk; niacin, two ounces of liver; ascorbic acid, one orange.

Rich foods increase cholesterol, bring on heart attacks.

McHenry says: Cholesterol is an essential substance that serves several useful purposes in the body. Even if it could be proved that high cholesterol causes artery changes conducive to heart disease (and this has only been guessed at) the amount of cholesterol in food would have little effect on the amount in the blood. Reason: The body increases its own cholesterol production when low-cholesterol foods are eaten.

Fresh foods are always more nutritive than canned.

Hardly, says McHenry. "Vegetables can lose appreciable nutritive value during shipping and storage. Commercial canners make great efforts to can vegetables in as fresh a condition as possible. Hence the value of canned vegetables may be better than that of a vegetable bought some days after harvesting." McHenry also debunks the theory that chemical fertilizers produce less nutritive foods than natural fertilizers.

Some packaged breakfast foods have special virtues.

McHenry says: Some packaged cereals have the value of whole grains, some have less. A new "protein cereal" has as much protein in a serving as four ounces of milk. The milk is cheaper and the protein in it is complete.

A high-fat diet will reduce overweight.

Sure, says McHenry, sometimes a high-fat diet appears to work because it is so unpalatable that the person eats less. The only safe and lasting reducing method is a balanced diet containing fewer calories than the individual expends in energy. Candy-type appetite depressants are expensive and no more effective than plain rock candy. "A very effective and reasonably cheap hunger-killer is a cigarette before a meal."—ERIC HUTTON

Mailbag

- ✓ "Down with MPs' party-line voting"
- ✓ Forehead tattoos to identify every citizen?
- ✓ "Let's buy our missiles from Russia"

HURRAY for Ed Nasserden and his "reckless good sense"! (Backstage at Ottawa, March 12). It is deplorable that his "outburst of candor" should disqualify him as a future parliamentary secretary or minister of agriculture. It may take longer, but should his straightforward honesty and courage eventually get him to the top, Nasserden will be able to hold his head erect with self-respect among the sheep who made it by saying "yes" at the opportune time . . . It is a sad state of affairs when the government tells private members when and when not to vote on party lines. The only criterion should be: Is it good for the country?—R. W. MERCHANT, CORONATION, ALTA.

Who wrecks children: Mom or Dad?

In *We're Wrecking Our Children With Too Much Love* (Feb. 27) Rabbi Stuart Rosenberg is a little unjust to women. He seems to imply that a woman's ways in raising her children are weak-willed. This



is far from true . . . Very often it is the father who, perhaps because he is not constantly with the children, is inclined to give in to their wishes and let them have and do things which are not good for them. I know several men who undo, at the weekend, all the good their wives have done all week with regard to the children.—MRS. FRANK CROWHURST, BARRIE, ONT.

A shorter long title

I refer to the Background piece, *A Really Long Title* (Feb. 27). This bit of wit seems to me to be nothing more than a feeble attempt to make the German language, which has a reputation for long-windedness, appear more long-winded than it actually is. My German isn't too good, but I think that the translation of the title as you quote it, "How I Turned \$1,000 into a Million in Real Estate—In My Spare Time" would read, quite simply, "Wie ich als Grundstück- und Häusermakler in meiner Freizeit aus eintausend Dollar eine Million machte." That's exactly one word longer than its laconic English equivalent. —A. DE VOOGE, KASLO, B.C.

Quite so, but the book's being published in German as: *Wie ich als Grundstück- und Häusermakler in meiner Freizeit aus eintausend Dol-*

lar viermillioneneinhundertfünf- undneunzigtausendachthundertsiebenundfünfzig Mark und dreiundzwanzig Pfennige machte. The secret? That title changes the author's fortune to German currency: 4-195,857 marks, 23 pfennigs.

He went to Florida too

I Went To Florida — By Canoe (March 12) is tops. I have covered much of that route so realized what a time your adventurer, Ward Seeley, must have had—a great experience for a youth.—H. C. FILLMORE, CALGARY, ALTA.

How to cut TV ads

I strongly endorse every word in *Backstage With TV Ads* (March 12). I have practically given up watching TV because of the incessant, overpowering, horrible advertisements, most of them vulgar and a mass of lies and exaggeration. We can be thankful there is one man, Douglas Sloan, with the courage and decency to voice a strong indictment of this nuisance.—MRS. E. T. BEESON, DUNCAN, B.C.

✓ More power to Douglas Sloan. —RUTH PORRITT STEPHENSON, COBBLE HILL, B.C.

✓ It is a perfectly simple matter for any of us to eliminate commercials. It is done by a button attached to the audio circuit. One push and all that's left is the pic-



ture. You would be surprised to see how funny and ridiculous these people are, making faces of various kinds with no sound coming out of their tiresome mouths.—T. J. T. WILLIAMS, TORONTO.

✓ We have adopted a more efficient method—no television set.—W. D. LATHAM, SOUTH BURNABY, B.C.

Civil police and civil liberties

I would like to commend you for the article *How A Big-City Police Force Really Works* (March 12), by Toronto Chief James Mackey, as told to Sidney Katz. It should be read by all parents and public-

minded citizens.—IAN F. POLLOCK, POINTE CLAIRE, P.Q.

✓ Congratulations. I wonder if many people ever realize that if it were not for the restraining force of our police, this and other large communities would be open to anarchy and wholesale crime.—A. J. REYNOLDS, TORONTO.

✓ What a pity it is that Chief Mackey should be hampered in his heroic struggle against crime by the trivialities of civil liberty. How much more efficient his force would be with a wire-tap on every phone and a policeman under every bed . . . Parliament should perhaps consider a law making it obligatory for every citizen to have his name, address and occupation tattooed on his forehead. This should prove invaluable in apprehending strange characters who loiter in a neigh-



borhood in which there have been recent break-ins.—HARRISON CRAIG, TORONTO.

✓ May I express hearty approval of Chief Mackey's effort to make the work of the city police better understood. To the boys and girls and little children over all Metropolitan Toronto who attend over one hundred Community Vacation Church School centres, the "friendly policeman" is admired almost to hero worship. I visit most of these centres. In one, early in the morning, I find the local patrol officer paying a brief visit to the staff to make himself known and discuss safety measures. At a downtown centre a huge policeman sits in a tiny kindergarten chair surrounded by small tots who delightedly share with him their mid-morning lunch of a cracker and glass of water. At a "Cabbagetown" centre a boy has been hurt trying to catch a ride on a delivery truck; an officer is solemnly discussing the accident with a group of youngsters, encouraging them to decide what should have been done and planning with them messages to the hospital. The boys and girls think these fine, intelligent officers are "tops."—NINA A. YEOMANS, TORONTO.

Applause for Minifie

Re James M. Minifie's new book (*Should we turn neutral?* Preview, March 12): I am pleased someone has the courage to state a few obvious facts which every Canadian should realize.—A. MACKINTOSH, SOUTH BURNABY, B.C.

✓ I wholeheartedly agree with the observations made in Minifie's book . . . If our neighbor to the south has a quarrel with Russia that is their affair and not ours. Furthermore, if we have to buy missiles (and I feel we should keep out of it entirely) let us buy them from Russia. In the first place, they wouldn't cost us so much and, most important of all, they would fire successfully.—A. E. RUTHVEN, ST. LAMBERT, P.Q. ★

Lean

Chevy's performance has been honed down to a keen new edge! You'll feel it the moment you put Chevrolet through its paces. You'll revel in its flashing safe response. You'll thrill to its sure-footed, even-keeled ride over *any* range. A touch of the brake pedal reins it in for solid, positive stops. *Drive a Chevy soon.*



Impala Sport Coupe

LITHE

Chevy was born to take to the open road. It's a light-hearted joy to handle. It corners crisply with the merest caress on the wheel. *Try it.* You'll agree — no other car in Chevy's field begins to match its frisky agility.



Nomad Station Wagon

Lovely!

On the outside — Chevy's flowing lines bewitch you. Inside — superlative new elegance and comfort surround you. Make today *your* day to see, drive and price Chevrolet for '60, Canada's best-loved car. Visit your local authorized Chevrolet dealer's — *right now!*



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most exciting car of the year

CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Some things you should know about...

Excessive Drinking

MOST CANADIANS either leave alcoholic beverages alone entirely—or they drink moderately and sensibly, mainly for social and special occasions.

Unfortunately, however, there are 250,000 men and women in our country who cannot control their drinking—and most of them break down socially, emotionally and physically. Inevitably, they also damage the lives of their families and other people... sometimes tragically.

Since alcoholism is among our most important health problems, it deserves our attention. These questions and answers may give you a better understanding of it.

Why do people become alcoholics?

Medical science does not yet know the precise cause or causes of alcoholism. Authorities agree, however, that emotional difficulties—tension, worry, guilt, inferiority and other dreaded feelings—are certainly connected with alcoholism. The alcoholic drinks to escape his inner conflicts. And he becomes so dependent on alcohol that he cannot face life without it.

What are the warning signs of alcoholism?

When a person starts "gulping" alcohol to "fortify" himself, trying to hide from others how much and how often he drinks, drinking alone or in the morning, giving strange excuses for his behavior, having trouble on the job or at home... addiction to alcohol may be in the offing. It may develop quickly

—within a few months—or slowly over a period of years.

Can an alcoholic recover?

Recovery depends on the alcoholic's own fundamental desire to stop drinking—and, having stopped, never to drink alcohol in any form again.

Medical treatment is becoming increasingly important in furthering recovery. New drugs help ease the alcoholic's discomfort. Psychotherapy helps him recognize his problems and enables him to deal with them without alcohol.

What should you do to help an alcoholic?

Face the problem without embarrassment... just as you would any other serious threat to your home and your family.

The family—especially those members closest to the alcoholic—should seek help from someone who knows the problem. The family doctor, or a clergyman, or a social worker, or a friend may be able to advise you about the best course to take.

Alcoholics Anonymous helps many people conquer their compulsion to drink. The only requirement for AA membership is an honest desire to give up liquor. There are no dues or fees for its services. In many communities there are also special clinics for the treatment of alcoholism.

When given the help they need, many alcoholics can recover and make a fresh start in the world.

Help for the Alcoholic and His Family

Alcoholics Anonymous is listed in the telephone directory of most cities.

For family guidance, educational material or consultation, enquire from your family doctor, your local hospital or your Municipal or Provincial Department of Health.

Metropolitan's new booklet—"Alcoholism, A Guide for the Family," 40M.

tor, your local hospital or your Municipal or Provincial Department of Health.

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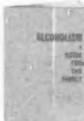
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THE COVER

Since soul-searing honesty is all the rage in TV, we'll follow suit here and allow that this Lunenburg dragger was safely in dock when Franklin Arbuckle sketched the galley. But he can't con us, either, with any "starving artist" story. The whole meal, he admits, was delicious.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 8, Don Newlands / 10, Central Press, Miller / 14, Karsh / 17, Walter Curtin / 18, Horst Ehrlich / 19, Chud Skagges (2) / 24, Ken Bell (2) / 25, Metropolitan Toronto Police, Toronto Star Syndicate / 28, Russ Halford / 29, Black Star, Russ Halford / 30-31, Toronto Star, Miller / 44, Globe Photos (4) / 64, Walter Curtin.

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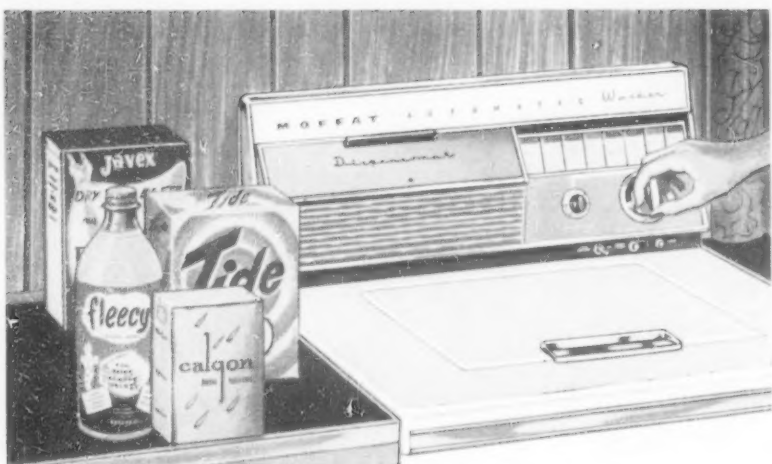
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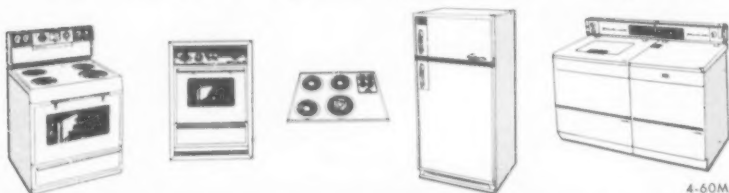
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4-60M

For the sake of argument



LEO GLASSBOURG CHARGES

Charity for the blind is really discrimination

The fair-minded people of Canada are always ready to kick a man when he's down, as long as he happens to be a blind man. They are even proud of it. They call it charity.

In the name of charity they give money to help the blind but they rarely give the blind a chance to help themselves. There are twenty-four thousand blind Canadians. No more than two thousand of them earn their own living. Thousands more are intelligent, willing, and able to do many jobs as well as the next man. They are rejected without a hearing.

There is another word for this kind of charity. It is discrimination.

Left to live, somehow, on a pitiable pension of fifty-five dollars a month eked out by charity, these blind men and women find it impossible to marry. They are condemned to indescribable loneliness. Socially, it is a cruel truth that the sighted shun the blind. For the most rudimentary social life, the blind must depend on charitable organizations for the blind. Here they discover themselves herded together with their own kind in a stunted society of the sightless.

Crimes that pass unseen

There is yet another word for this kind of charity. It is segregation.

Practised against any minority but the blind, discrimination and segregation are moral crimes if not legal ones. Practised against the blind, they pass unseen. I know that this accusation is hard to believe. For many years I found it hard to believe myself. But I am blind, and I have had to live with the evidence for most of a lifetime.

In my own life I have been angry enough and lucky enough to overcome many of the ugly consequences of both discrimination and segregation. Although I was born with a weakness of the eyes that led inevitably to blindness, I did not become totally blind until fourteen years ago, when I was in my

thirties. By that time I had learned the printing business. Looking ahead to the day when other firms would rate me "unemployable," I started my own business. My firm specializes in printing customs forms, but we do general printing and paper wholesaling as well. Most of my employees are necessarily sighted, but my brother, who is also blind, is in charge of running the business from inside while I look after the outside sales work. There are no concessions made in our business for blindness, and we ask for none. The only way we get orders is by competing in price and craftsmanship.

Because we can work, my brother and I have both been able to marry. My wife's eyes help me to read and to watch our children grow. We live our social life among sighted people. But if I had not seized the right to work, I know I would never have had a family life or a social life. Nor have I escaped discrimination and segregation entirely. I meet them every day. And I see more clearly than a sighted man could the cruel things they do to other sightless men and women.

Discrimination starts with the way most people look at the blind. They see them as helpless creatures and pity them because they are hopelessly incapacitated. This is a wrong and destructive view. The blind are men and women who have all their faculties but one. They don't need pity. They need consideration and special training; not to solace them for their handicap but to help them overcome it.

That they can overcome it was long ago proved and is now generally forgotten. Everyone marvels at the occasional blind pianist, but no one remembers the blind machinists and assemblymen and salesmen who do ordinary jobs and live ordinary useful lives. In 1946 the Department of Labor made a survey of physically handicapped workers in Canada, including more than a hundred totally blind men and women. Here is an excerpt from the

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TOTALLY BLIND, LEO GLASSBOURG RUNS A PRINTING FIRM IN MONTREAL.



*Canada's
well-being
is founded
on STEEL!*

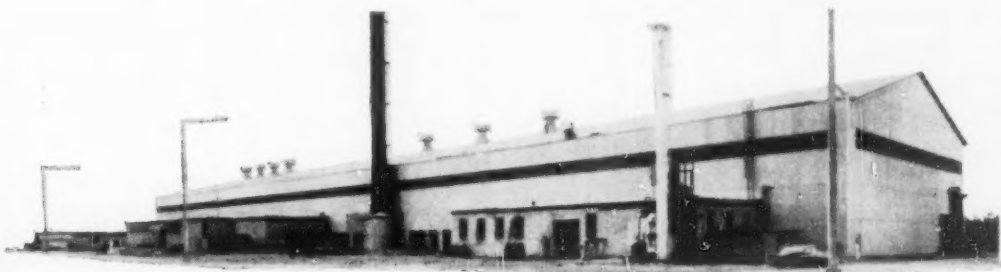
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Throughout Canada, hundreds of thousands of men and women are working in the offices of industry and government, universities and hospitals, lawyers and doctors, banks and insurance companies—everywhere.

Recording, planning, co-ordinating, and controlling the operations of business, these "white collar" workers are doing work which has increased in complexity, volume and importance as Canada has come of age as a major industrial nation. The modern office is the "nerve centre" of business.

There have been a great many changes in the office since 1910, the year Stelco was incorporated. It is much more efficient because of the great improvements made in office equipment and machines, in communication services, in business methods and organization, and particularly because of the greater skills developed by the office worker. The office is a better working place because of better lighting, heating, ventilation, and furniture.

Now celebrating its fiftieth year of service to Canadians, Stelco is proud that its steel has contributed to these changes in the office and welcomes the opportunity to pay tribute to the men and women who do Canada's office work.



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Stelco now enters its second half-century with nearly 16,000 employees; 12 producing and processing plants; and with over 90% of its shares held in Canada.



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For all its superlative workmanship, Deilcraft furniture asks but a modest price. Choose Deilcraft for every room in your home. In contemporary or traditional styles, it co-ordinates perfectly with the Deilcraft Cabinet of your Electrohome Hi-Fi or TV set. See Deilcraft at stores you respect everywhere.

Prices, for an occasional table as an example, start as low as \$31.95.

DEILCRAFT
VALUE 

DEILCRAFT DIVISION, CANADA'S OWN ELECTROHOME, KITCHENER, ONT.

London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

The greatest moments of "my" six PMs



BALDWIN



CHAMBERLAIN



CHURCHILL

Every Thursday when parliament is sitting there is a secret meeting of the 1922 Committee — named after the year of its birth, of which every Tory MP is automatically a member. From time to time attempts have been made to change its name to the Conservative Private Members' Committee, but tradition dies hard at Westminster.

After the weekly meeting is over, sleuths of the press in the members' lobby downstairs try to draw inferences from our facial expressions, but we usually manage to keep our secrets to ourselves.

Therefore it is with some trepidation that I now reveal that when Harold Macmillan returned from his African tour he addressed the 1922 Committee and gave a brilliant account of his travels and of the political problems that arise when white and colored men try to achieve a workable political compromise.

We had expected that the prime minister would look weary and jaded after his strenuous days and nights in Rhodesia, Nyasaland and South Africa, but he looked so fresh and debonair that he might have been on his way to a fashionable wedding.

That evening, as I dined with a couple of friends in the members' dining room, we fell to discussing Macmillan's qualities; and then we enlarged the discussion to include the other prime ministers under whom we had served. I was at least two prime ministers up on either of my friends, since my time as an MP began with the prime minister-ship of Stanley Baldwin, then went on to the periods of Neville Chamberlain, Winston Churchill (again), Anthony Eden and Harold Macmillan. It was most interesting to recall the manner in which each of these leaders dealt with a major crisis in his time.

Stanley Baldwin was, essentially, a lazy man. But he was well read, and since he had a private income that left him no financial worries, he had been able for years to indulge his passionate love of cricket. Even after he was established in No. 10 Downing Street he somehow found time to motor to Lord's Cricket Ground. He always seemed like a dreamer with no great love for politics.

Yet, when the young King Edward VIII declared his determination to

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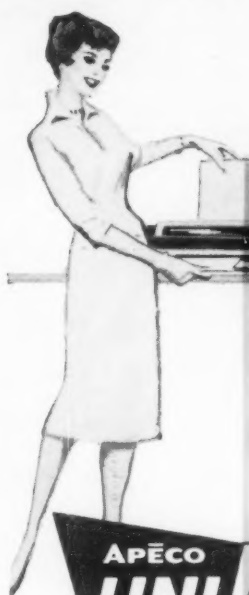
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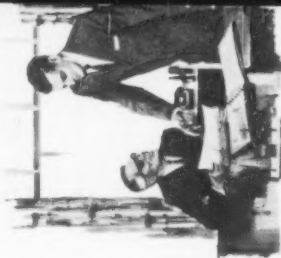
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



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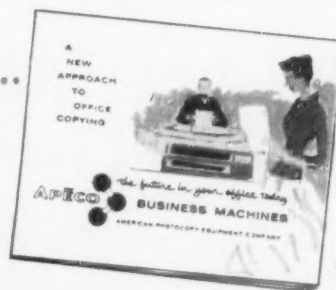
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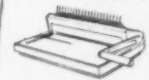
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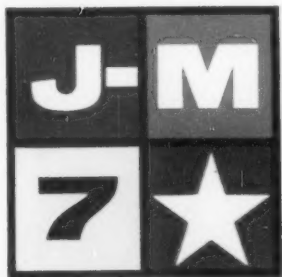




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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL 9, 1960

Donald Fleming: THE MAN WHO SPENDS YOUR MONEY

As Canada sweats with Budget fever, the national spotlight swings onto a "typical Toronto Tory" who must take in \$100 million of your money every week. Here's an up-to-the-minute portrait of our admired, disliked —and almost unknown— finance minister

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CURTIN



As the Budget deadline approached, Fleming's bulging briefcase held the keys to our economic future.

DURING THE NEXT few weeks no member of the Conservative cabinet, not even John Diefenbaker himself, will arouse as much controversial comment as Donald Methuen Fleming, the teetotaling, onetime Sunday school teacher from Toronto, who, as minister of finance and receiver general of Canada, will be defending the government's annual budget.

The verbal rumpus over Fleming's qualities, both as a man and as a finance minister, has been gathering intensity since his appointment on June 21, 1957.

It is Fleming who gets most of the blame for the tight-money situation that has seriously plagued municipal treasurers, business executives and others seeking bank loans during the past year. When the cabinet ruled last fall that federal civil servants would be denied a wage increase, it was Fleming who was hanged in

effigy by angry government workers and threatened with personal violence. As the man most immediately concerned with the allocation of the hundred million dollars a week being spent by the federal government, it is also Fleming who is most frequently criticized by citizens who disagree with the way their money is spent.

Opinions about the way Fleming has handled these and other tricky problems are mixed. Many Canadians have come to recognize him as a tough little character who knows exactly what he's doing, particularly in his harsh and effective stand against inflation. Others think and speak of Fleming as a dour ogre hungry for an even larger bite of their pay cheques.

This latter impression is strengthened by Fleming's public personality, which makes him seem a prototype of the hidebound Toronto Tory — not a popular

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

The Flemings rent a bungalow in Rockcliffe. He works there most evenings in a basement study.

Our bittersweet romance with the Baltic Belle

BY RON TURNER

Here's what happened when four innocent landlubbers,
longing for tropical palms and coral strands,
put their money and muscle into a dubious dreamboat



The end of a dream: the Baltic Belle sits in the mud of a Toronto lagoon bottom. The sad and wiser Turners sold her for one dollar, keeping only her bell as a souvenir.

IT STARTED ONE NIGHT when my wife, Aleda, and I were having dinner with two friends: Sidney Roxan, a stocky young Englishman I worked with on a small Toronto trade magazine, and his English wife Joan, a rangy, rather dreamy young schoolteacher. We were all vaguely dissatisfied with our lives. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get away from the endless financial struggle, maybe buy a boat, take off for the south seas?

We leaned closer over the table. Aleda and I knew the very boat! Our eyes gleamed. The Baltic Belle! Even the name had a ring to it.

The Baltic Belle was an abandoned rust-stained forty-six-foot North Sea fishing boat moored in a Toronto Islands' lagoon. Aleda and I used to pass it on walks from our house on Ward's Island. We had boarded her from the ice of the lagoon, admired her massive construction and even daydreamed about owning her.

With the four of us pooling our resources, maybe we *could*. By the time we'd finished our coffee and cigarettes, we had decided to check into it.

The following week, I located the man who had sailed the Baltic Belle across the Atlantic, a big Estonian named Harold Mang who now ran a photo-engraving shop in Toronto. He had bought and refitted her in Sweden to bring relatives to Canada. Then, because of a change in family plans, he had taken ten European refugees to Rio de Janeiro instead and had sailed afterwards to Toronto. He said that as far as he knew, the Baltic Belle was sound, in spite of her forty years, but he warned that the vibrations of her massive engine caused her to leak.

I naively made a mental note to replace the engine, and turned, a bit goggle-eyed, to a photograph Mang showed me of the Baltic Belle, in which a naked woman was arranged artistically on the bowsprit. Grinning, he explained that five of the ten refugees turned out to be nudists. They had put their clothes back on, however, after being almost broiled off the coast of Africa, and finished the trip fully clad.



"It happened to us"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

Mang had sold the boat to a university professor, who in turn had sold it to an old schooner captain named Alex Rodway. Rodway, who now worked on a Toronto ferry, wanted two thousand dollars for her. I paid a naval architect twenty-five dollars to check the Baltic Belle, and got a hearty report.

"She'll last as long as you live," he said.

It was good enough for us. I got in touch with Rodway to see how much of a down payment he'd want. Five hundred, he said, would swing it. The other \$1,500 could be paid in installments of a hundred dollars a month.

It was a lot of money, but think of what we'd save by living on bananas and breadfruit! We filed the necessary forms, including a sea-going mortgage, with the registrar of shipping, in Toronto. Thus, one warm day in mid-autumn, 1953, we became the owners of the Baltic Belle.

None of us knew anything about boats, except for my meagre experience with a twelve-foot dinghy I owned, but we turned cheerfully to making the Baltic Belle shipshape. Our minds were already in that dream world, not far distant now, when I would be able to try my hand at writing poetry, moored peacefully inside some reef-lined harbor in the Caribbean. Aleda would be resting from the combined duties of a job in personnel work and keeping house, Joan would indulge her longing to paint, and Sidney, freed from the wear and tear of journalism, would contemplate the waving palms.

But first, the Baltic Belle needed sprucing up, from her big wheelhouse down to her four-bunk fo'c'sle. We decided briskly to scrape all the paint off the inside of the two-inch oak planks of her hull. I had read somewhere that paint on the inside of a ship's planking encouraged rot, and we were having none of that.

One Saturday morning, just as the weather had turned cold, we met for our first onslaught on the Baltic Belle. Sidney and I, armed with blowtorches, scrapers and wire brushes, went below. The girls gave their hair a pat and followed us into the sloshing water, murk, cold and the smell

The dream finally came true when the Turners started again from scratch and built the Boheme, shown here at New Smyrna Beach, Fla. He quit his job to go sailing.

of diesel oil and the faint aroma of fish. Singing "Green Grow the Rushes, O!" we slithered and scrambled below decks, arranged ourselves like pretzels between the heavy ribs and massive stringers and began to scrape, burn and scrub the Baltic Belle into a semblance of our dreamboat.

Weeks later, we were still scraping. Instead of us renovating the Baltic Belle, she had begun to renovate us.

Every week end we labored grimly, with soot, oil, paint, chips and dirt settling in our hair and into the icy water that sloshed the length of her enormous keel. The gucky, oily water had to be pumped from the bilge three times a week. We lit the rusted coal range in the fo'c'sle, but discovered that while the heat disappeared through the decks, the smoke remained below to mingle with the smoke of our blowtorches.

Monday mornings we'd be back at our jobs, Aleda with the paint combed out of her hair, interviewing job applicants, Joan reading school bulletins on the importance of personal neatness and secretively examining her cracked nails for traces of diesel oil.

Half way through the winter, we were still

working in the same spot we'd started on, and the Baltic Belle didn't smell or look any different, although we all smelled and looked different. The ice on the lagoons was solid, and so was the water in the bilge. People were now skating past the Baltic Belle. Our South Sea visions were getting a bit harder to see through the pall of burnt paint.

I had decided that the boat was under-rigged, and we had paid a naval architect a hundred dollars for a new sail plan to replace the original big yellowed canvas sails. Now I got the estimate: between two to three thousand dollars!

This news made us realize that perhaps we had more important problems than the Baltic Belle's appearance, and we turned our attention to replacing the engine, a man-high tower of rusted cast iron, copper tubing, pipes, tanks and pumps sitting in the stern. I contacted a marine-engine supplier and got an estimate on a new engine. I was told it would cost four thousand dollars!

We still planned to refit the Baltic Belle below decks and to have her hauled out of the water for calking. Forty-five tons was too large for the average yacht club to handle, and one ship

builder I approached started talking about laying extra tracks to dry-dock her, evidently figuring I was just another millionaire who affected old clothes.

We decided to put the present engine into service. We phoned Mang to find out how to start it. He told us to attach a monstrous blowtorch arrangement, which we had discovered under a bench, to the side of the cylinder, heat the walls of the combustion chamber, then take a massive iron bar and spin the three-and-a-half-foot fly-wheel.

But we found we couldn't even move the fly-wheel, let alone spin it. We worked on it all one day. We swung on it. We tried to move it with a block and tackle and with a twenty-five-ton jack, but it held its own. Finally, deciding that the engine was seized, we started to dismantle it, using a yard-long stillson wrench to remove the two-inch nuts and a sixteen-pound sledge hammer to hit the wrench. As we pried parts loose, the girls cleaned and painted them a pretty gray.

After we'd broken a pump casting, we decided to leave the engine for the time being. We were beginning to wonder if

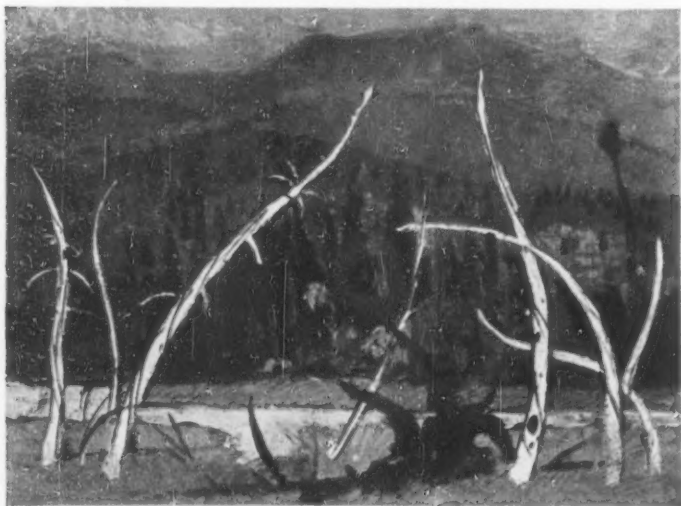
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RIVERS OF CANADA



"Standing on the banks of this river, many a man must have felt he could go no further into this immensity without losing all sense of who he was."



Its wide gravel washes littered with bleached driftwood, the north branch gathers force from countless brooks and major streams like the Brazeau.

THE SAS

The stark and lonely river that won the
prairie cities. It refreshes a land that can't

BY HUGH MACLENNAN



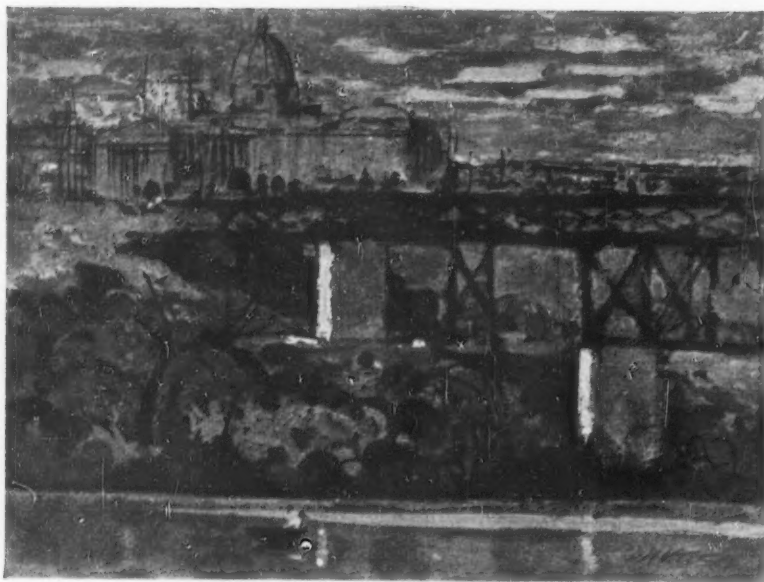
ASKATCHEWAN

on the dayfaring heart of Peter Pond now knits
at ca nntoxiccate with a deluge of loveliness"

PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM WINTER

OF ALL THE MAJOR STREAMS of this continent, the Saskatchewan is the loneliest-looking. Endlessly winding, seldom dramatic between the Rockies and the final spasm where the waters swirl through Grand Rapids into Lake Winnipeg, the twin branches of this indispensable river flow through the Canadian prairies in a huge, wavering Y. Between them the two branches, together with their final run as a united stream, have a length just under two thousand miles. Between them they embrace most of the farm land of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Often the Saskatchewan passes through bush and parkland, more often through naked plains, and the feeling of loneliness is proportionate to the bareness of the land. The river is always below the surface of the prairie, always winding through the sand-brown or olive trenches it has carved for itself: hundreds of miles of tan, monotonous water with weeds and wildflowers rife along the escarpments when sand bars pro-



The tan-silk waters of the North Saskatchewan swirl below a prosperous Edmonton.

THE SASKATCHEWAN

CONTINUED

trude from the channels in late summer; hundreds of miles of greenish-white ice against the dead white of the plain in the six-month winter, which seems so interminable that the people in the river towns hold sweepstakes on the hour and minute of the breakup. When the breakup comes it is the most awaited moment in the seasonal life of the Saskatchewan. The ice cracks, the clampers sometimes pile up a dozen feet high, and once in Saskatoon a bewildered deer was carried through the heart of the town on an ice pan while thousands of people looked on. Then, after a pause, comes the time of high water when the twin branches race with foam as they carry eastward the runoff from millions of tons of Rocky Mountain snow.

The lonely feeling this river gives you is different from the Mackenzie's loneliness because there are so many people here, and it is the nature of the prairie that a human being, an animal, a grain elevator, a moving train, even a town etched against the sky serve only to increase the sense of solitude. Standing on the banks of this river, seeing

it come out of one horizon on its way into another, many a man must have felt he would go no further into this immensity without losing all sense of who he was. Stepping off a train onto the wooden platform of one of those stark little river towns, many a settler must have walked down to the river and watched it coming out of the prairie into the town and going out of town into the prairie, and wondered if he would ever be equal to his life in such a land.

No wonder. Along much of the Saskatchewan the world has been reduced, in the phrase of W. O. Mitchell, author of the beautiful novel, *Who Has Seen the Wind*, to the least common denominator of nature, land and sky. And, of course, there is also the weather. It shifts constantly and with it the moods of the sky and land, and the river reflects all the moods of the prairie with total fidelity. Few sights in Canada are more peaceful than the mirroring of the pastel sky hues on the Saskatchewan on a fine summer day, and none chillier than an eddy of snow in January when the thermometer stands at fifty below and the ice is too hard for a curling stone to run true. The winds here are visible: in summer as a throbbing radiance along a sea of grass, in winter as a drifting lace of crystals along a sea of snow.

But do not think this country lacks beauty for those who can accept its peculiar gifts. My doctor-father used to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



As their mother shops, Indian children wait by the river at Rocky Mountain House.



One of Edmonton's perpetual gas flares marks the night sky and is caught in the mirror of the river.



A patrolling constable's routine check of a store on a dimly-lighted street can explode in seconds into violence and the kind of back-alley chase pictured below.

How a big-city police force works

THE REAL-LIFE GAME OF COPS AND ROBBERS

Bank robbers, holdup men, burglars and pickpockets
—most thieves today are specialists.
So the police must set one specialist to catch another,
and sometimes they must shoot first
and ask questions later

BY CHIEF JAMES MACKAY METROPOLITAN TORONTO POLICE

AS TOLD TO SIDNEY KATZ



The fleeing suspect is a dangerous question mark: will he pull a gun? It's often a split-second decision. Police are under orders not to shoot unless a life's in peril.

CRIME, LIKE THE respectable professions, has become highly specialized. The number of "general practitioners" in the underworld is dwindling, as more and more criminals select a particular form of larceny and then spend years perfecting their skills.

The rise of the highly trained professional has complicated the job of the police. On the Metropolitan Toronto force, we have to assign a large proportion of our 2,500 men and women to squads that are each equipped to deal with one type of offense. In short, we set specialists against specialists. Only by doing this can we keep up with the latest dodges and gimmicks. Most of our special squads are concerned with property offences — robbery, theft, burglary, pickpocketing, shoplifting, forgery and fraud.

One "artist" in the field of larceny is the pickpocket. In police slang, he's known as a "dip." He requires such long practice, to become proficient, that most successful dips are past middle age. Their acknowledged dean in the Metro area is a white-haired, benign man of 72. His dossier records convictions in various parts of Canada, United States and Europe. Besides plying his trade, he acts as a consultant to pickpockets who are new to Toronto. For a sizable fee, he gives them a run-down on the best locations to work and the movements of the police. He can be ruthless when anybody tries to take over what he considers to be his territory. On occasion, he's got revenge on interlopers by telling us where and when they were operating. When a rival said to him, "If you interfere with me, I'll break both your legs," he took out a warrant against his adversary.

But most dips eschew violence and would be horrified at the thought of carrying a gun. They give various explanations for selecting their trade: the work is clean, the hours short, it yields a good income.

We once arrested an out-of-town pickpocket who was working the Canadian National Exhibition — a highly lucrative place for dips. From money-order receipts in his pocket, we learned he had been mailing his wife five hundred dollars every day.

Some pickpockets seem addicted to their craft. They get an irresistible kick out of it, like the fisherman dropping his line in unknown waters. One dip told me, "It's the surprise element I like." The dip knows that most hauls will be small — \$25 or less, and that women usually carry more money around than men. But at any moment, there's the possibility of landing a big one. One dip relieved a woman of her entire savings — a thousand-dollar roll in ten-dollar bills. In between sobs, she explained to us, "I was going out and I didn't think the money would be safe at home."

The pickpocket begins his program of self-education by first becoming adept at the art of "seat tipping." This consists of visiting a movie house in late afternoon, when the audience consists largely of women shoppers. Beside them, on an empty seat, lie their parcels and purse. The seat tipper sits directly behind the vacant seat, tips up the seat with his hand or foot until the purse slides into his hand. He then quietly removes the wallet, replaces the purse and leaves.

From seat tipping, the pickpocket goes on to "moll buzzing" — loitering near crowded sales counters and similar places where there are large groups of women, and removing the wallets from their purses.

If he has learned his lessons well, the dip is now prepared to remove a wallet from the pocket of his victim. He wears nondescript clothes and behaves unobtrusively. He prefers plump male victims past middle age because their senses are dulled and their pants are often baggy so the pocket is away from the body.

The pickpocket works wherever there are crowds — exhibitions, sporting events, parades, fires, accidents. One man has a penchant for wrestling matches. In a hassle, when the fans rush the ring-side, he is in the midst of things, hollering, shouting and hurling imprecations. He's also going through as many pockets as he can. On pay day, the pickpocket shows up where factory workers gather. We once tried to protect the workers by posting signs "Beware of Pickpockets." Our plan misfired. After reading the signs, the workers would instinctively touch their pockets to see if their wallets were safe. This was enough to reveal to the observant pickpocket just where the treasure was located.

The dip's most frequent hunting grounds are streetcar, subway and bus stops at rush hour. He stands with a newspaper or coat over his arm to mask his activities. As the crowd surges forward to the streetcar door, the pickpocket is at the end of the line going through the pockets of the person ahead of him. His actions go undetected because of all the pushing and jostling. Sometimes the dip will work with an accomplice known as a "stall." The stall stands in front of the victim, deliberately delaying him, which gives the dip reason to push.

How girls help dips

In more elaborate operations, two accomplices are used — the stall and a "bridge." The bridge is usually an attractive young woman who stands directly behind the victim while the pickpocket is behind her, working under her arms. If the victim becomes suspicious and looks around, all he sees is the smile of a charming girl.

We trap pickpockets by watching crowds. We look for the telltale signs of the pickpocket: he glances in all directions, watching for the police or trying to single out a likely victim. A dip may try to discover the presence of a detective in a crowd by making a false strike. He unabashedly slaps at the pockets of a man, then turns and walks down the street, looking back to see if he's followed. He knows he's in the clear: you can't convict a man unless you actually see the wallet being stolen or find the stolen property on his person. This means that we have to act with lightning speed when we suspect that a strike has been made. The idea is to pounce on the pickpocket and grab his hand with the wallet still in it. If he has even a few seconds of warning, he drops the wallet. After making a haul, the dip usually wanders off to a back alley, removes the money, destroys all identification cards and tosses the wallet in a garbage pail or down a sewer. He doesn't want to carry any incriminating evidence or clues to the location of his hunting ground.

The most persistent and patient pickpocket we've ever tangled with is a man known to us as "Mr. Sixty-Six." He earned this nickname because of one outstanding job he pulled off. The victim was a laborer who worked for ten years to save \$6,600 with which to bring several of his relatives to Canada from Europe. Like other pickpockets, Mr. Sixty-Six sometimes loitered in banks to spot people withdrawing large sums of money. His eyes popped when he saw the laborer stuffing \$6,600 in his pockets. He followed his victim out of the bank and down to the ticket wicket in the railway station and bought a ticket to the same destination, a nearby city.

He sat near him on the train, alighted from the train close behind and followed him for several blocks in the new city. His patience paid off at a busy intersection where a crowd was waiting for a traffic light to change. When the laborer discovered his roll missing an hour later, he committed suicide.

Unlike the pickpocket, CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



Toronto detectives check a pawnshop for stolen goods. Below: a search of a shoplifter's room produced this armload of wildly assorted ties.



**Will the
mysterious
hormone
revolutionize
medicine?**

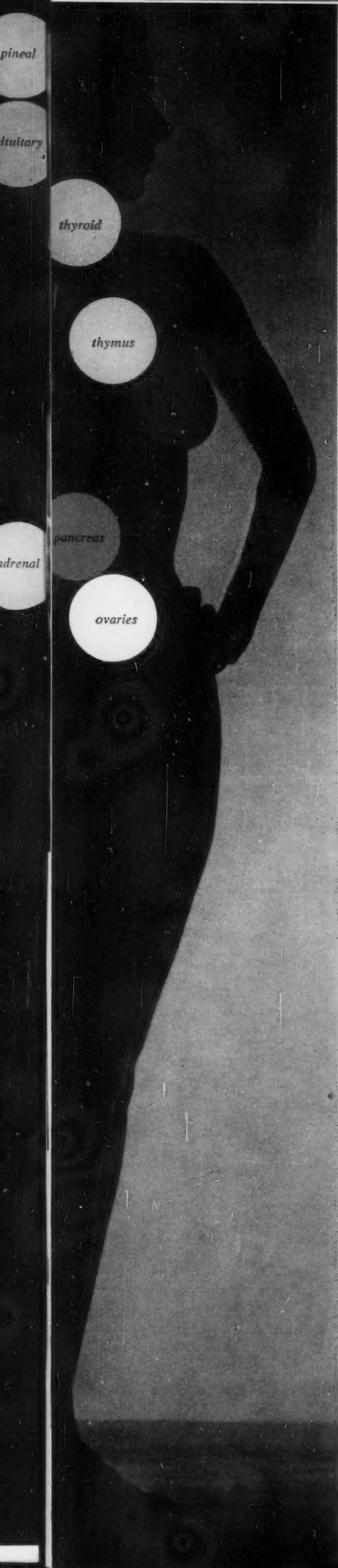
pineal

pituitary

thyroid

adrenal

pancreas



The hormones
produced by our glands
may conceal
the most intimate secrets
of life.

Science can reproduce
many of them,
but doctors are wary
about using them.
Here's the latest chapter
in the suspense story
that could
have one of history's
best endings

BY KEN LEFOLII

IN THE FALL of 1948 all hell broke loose in the phlegmatic science of medicine. It started when researchers at the Mayo Clinic began injecting a new drug called cortisone into a group of incurable arthritic cripples and found them dancing between their beds a week later. Other doctors raced to test the drug on other invalids. Within two years they had reclaimed otherwise incurable victims of what came to be known as "a dazzling spectrum" of more than sixty diseases. Cortisone is a hormone, and by this time researchers were investigating the influence of hormones in almost every other malady known to man, from schizophrenia to cancer.

"We were floating on a hormone cloud," recalls Dr. Louis Johnson, an arthritis specialist at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital. At the time, Dr. John Browne, the chief of McGill's department of investigative medicine, compared cortisone and other hormones like it to the Pool of Bethesda, a New Testament landmark where the lame and the blind came to wash themselves clean of disease. Armed with the miraculous hormones, many doctors jubilantly predicted a revolution in medicine.

The revolution is yet to come. Cortisone and the more potent variations of the same hormone that were discovered later are now known to be double agents. They sometimes do savage things to the invalids they are meant to protect: soften their bones, swell their bodies, send their blood pressure dangerously high and their resistance to some kinds of infection dangerously low. Most practising doctors now use them only as a strong but potentially treacherous last line of defense.

On the other hand hormones are the principal focus of medical research. Many experimental doctors believe that the hormones conceal the most intimate secrets of life and the most urgent solutions to disease. Last year these men published more than seven thousand reports describing their attempts to throw more light on the shadowy hormone system. Any day they could make a discovery that would bring man a step closer to mastering his own erratic mind and disease-prone body.

One of the most striking things about this suspense story is that since the day the arthritic cripples miraculously danced, almost everybody has heard the hormones praised or damned, formed an opinion about them, and yet never learned what they are or how they work. What follows is a layman's guide to the thing called hormone.

Hormone is a twentieth-century word (it was coined in 1904) that doctors use as a loose name for any substance that carries a message from one part of the body to another. The known hormones are all produced by glands: the pituitary gland produces at least six, the adrenals at least thirty-three, the sex glands several, the thyroid several, and the pancreas, the thymus, the pineal gland and the parathyroids all produce one or more. The kidneys produce a hormone that has never been tracked down, and so do some brain cells and some pockets of tissue in the small gut. Some doctors suspect that other organs — the lungs, for one — may generate yet more hormones. Nobody knows how many hormones there are altogether.

Nor does anybody know precisely how the glands build them although chemists have isolated some hormones and taken them

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71



A pair of maple trees flourish in Gisele's garden to remind her of Canada. Husband Bob Shuttleworth strings colored lights through the shrubbery for night parties.



GISELE MACKENZIE

TELLS HER STORY

What I like most, and least, about life in Hollywood

Gisele seldom sees her famous neighbors, Gable and Gobel, and seldom enjoys the luxurious home that success brought her. She's mostly away on the "treadmill" that brings in big money she never gets into the bank

as told to STAN HELLEUR

On the top floor of the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas there's a luxury suite straight out of an MGM musical. In the years since the war it's been the lush hideaway for several notables, including the late mobster Bugsy Siegel. It was here, on February 24, 1958, at about 1.30 a.m., that I married my discoverer and manager, Bob Shuttleworth.

Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny's wife, had played cupid. About a week previously, Bob and I had been dinner guests at the Bennys' Hollywood home. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, Mary blurted: "For goodness sake, why don't you two get married? Soon. Right away. In our house. Jack will give Gisele away and I'll look after all the arrangements."

We didn't take too kindly to the suggestion because we happened to be pretty mad at each other at the time. But during the next few days we kept thinking about it and talking it over. Finally, we decided we would, quickly, leaving no time for a change of mind.

The decision was made one night following my weekly TV show. Bob immediately picked up the phone and

called the police chief in Phoenix, Ariz., to see if he could marry us the next day. But he told us we'd have to wait three days. We then contacted a judge in Las Vegas and found that Nevada laws would accommodate us. Our next call was to the Flamingo (where I appear every year) to book the bridal suite for the following night.

We then called Bob's brother Bill, in Montreal, and our closest friends in Toronto, Day and Maurie Kessler, inviting Maurie to be Bob's best man (he not only accepted—he was in Las Vegas before us).

The next day I did a guest shot on Jack Benny's program and, with his blessing, went home to pack a pretty blue and bride-like dress I'd worn on one of my shows, and caught a plane for Las Vegas. With us were our closest Hollywood friends, Axel Stordahl, the conductor and arranger, and his wife, the former June Hutton, who was my matron of honor, both of whom for months had been coaxing us to get married. Also in the party was Bert Pearl, who used to lead the Happy Gang on the CBC and who, at the time, CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

In gag chairs by their pool, the Shuttleworths discuss Gisele's script for a TV show. The house was "a bargain" at \$55,000.





How did we ever get through The Depression?

Babies froze in their beds, women fainted from hunger, jobless men hopped the freights to march on Ottawa. It took a world war to end it all, and even today many of our nation's policies are shaped by the fear that it could happen again



Heading for Ottawa, 1,800 unemployed stopped at Regina. Their hunger march ended there with the bloody riot of July 1, 1935.



The fads of the Thirties had to be cheap. For just 25 cents you could play Tom Thumb golf all day or buy a jigsaw puzzle.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

By Frank Croft

Thirty years ago Canada — and the world — was shivering through its first winter of the Depression. The one with a capital D. We were entering a decade which was to become known as the Dirty Thirties, as opprobrious an epithet as human beings have ever given to a period of history. It was the Depression of relief camps, food handouts, starvation and humiliation which softened the nation's muscles and numbed its mind. It was a decade in which job seekers floated from one end of the country to the other on the roofs of boxcars like shipwrecked sailors clinging to rafts. They didn't know exactly where they were going, but wherever it was, it could be no worse than the place they had left. It was a time when men crowded public libraries for warmth and, when the libraries closed, took shelter in public lavatories.

The Depression of the Thirties wrought greater changes in the country's economic structure and in its social values than the war which preceded it or the one which came after. It was the start of the welfare state. Unemployment insurance, family allowances, increased old-age pensions and floor prices for primary products may not have been created during the Thirties, but legislators were peering apprehensively over their shoulders back to the bone-chilling Depression years when they enacted those measures in the early Forties. All the pump-priming Keynesian theories of government finance stem from the great Depression and all are effected with the muttered vow, "it must not happen again."

The official facts of the Depression can be reported simply: in 1933 our gross national product, at three and a half billion, was less than the federal government now collects in taxes; nearly twenty percent of the labor force was unemployed; ten percent of all municipal bonded indebtedness was repudiated because of empty treasuries.

But, in human terms, it was harrassed fathers telling older sons to clear out — hit the roads — so there would be more to eat for the smaller ones; men already on short wages knowingly buying spurious raffle tickets from unscrupulous foremen so they could keep their jobs; a seventy-two-year-old Toronto man stretching out on his rooming-house bed and quietly waiting for death by starvation. Those were the sort of things that still cause a tightening of the lips of anyone born before 1920 at mention of the Depression.

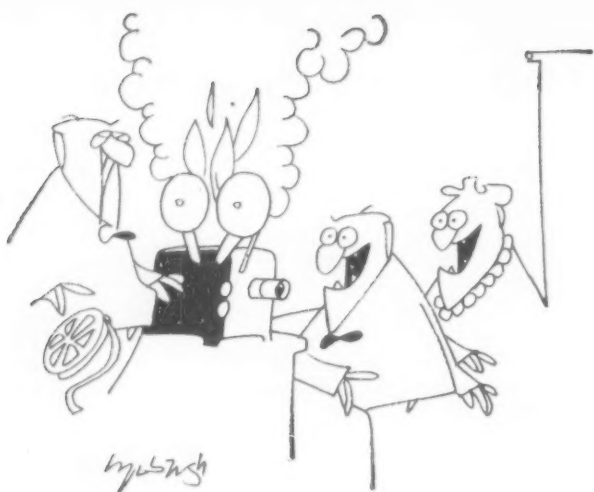
A New Brunswick father with no money for fuel was awakened by the cold one winter night. He looked to see how his three-month-old baby was taking it. The infant was frozen to death.

An Ottawa landlord, the owner of an eight-suite apartment building, collapsed in the street from hunger. None of his tenants had paid their rent for months because they couldn't. He had eaten through his savings and could buy no more food.

In Vancouver, "Happy" Dunning, an aged character known throughout the lumber and mining camps of the coast, persuaded a friendly policeman to arrest him for vagrancy, then pleaded with the magistrate for a thirty-day sentence. He explained that he needed the extra month to establish one year's residence in the city, when he would qualify for relief. Dunning had exhausted the panhandling racket and had nowhere to turn. "I left the east when I was a young man, Your Worship," he declared, "and I've seen tough times before, but you could always make out by moving on. Now every place you go is worse than the last one, and there's nothing left but jail and then *pogey*." Dunning got his thirty days.

"Pogey" was the word used in some parts of Canada for the food, clothing, and shelter provided by relief agencies. Today unemployment-insurance payments

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



Sweet & Sour



"I just love the artistic cover on your last book, Mr. Jensen."



"Now that's what I call a man-sized ash tray!"

HINDSIGHT: TWENTY TWENTY

Whenever a man becomes a success — like J. C. Harpington, president of United United — it's amazing how all the people who knew him as a boy were able to predict it.

Gus McKenzie, the cop at Elm and Church streets, states that soon after encountering him for the first time, he remarked that Harpington had unusual talents. ("I never saw a kid who could hit so many street lights in a row without missing.")

Miss Simons, his seventh-grade teacher, declares that she always regarded him as a boy who reached his own conclusions instead of following the common herd. ("Twelve years old, and he still insists four and six are eleven!")

Joe Hinkly, the truant officer, says he predicted that the boy would go far. ("Unless I miss my guess that

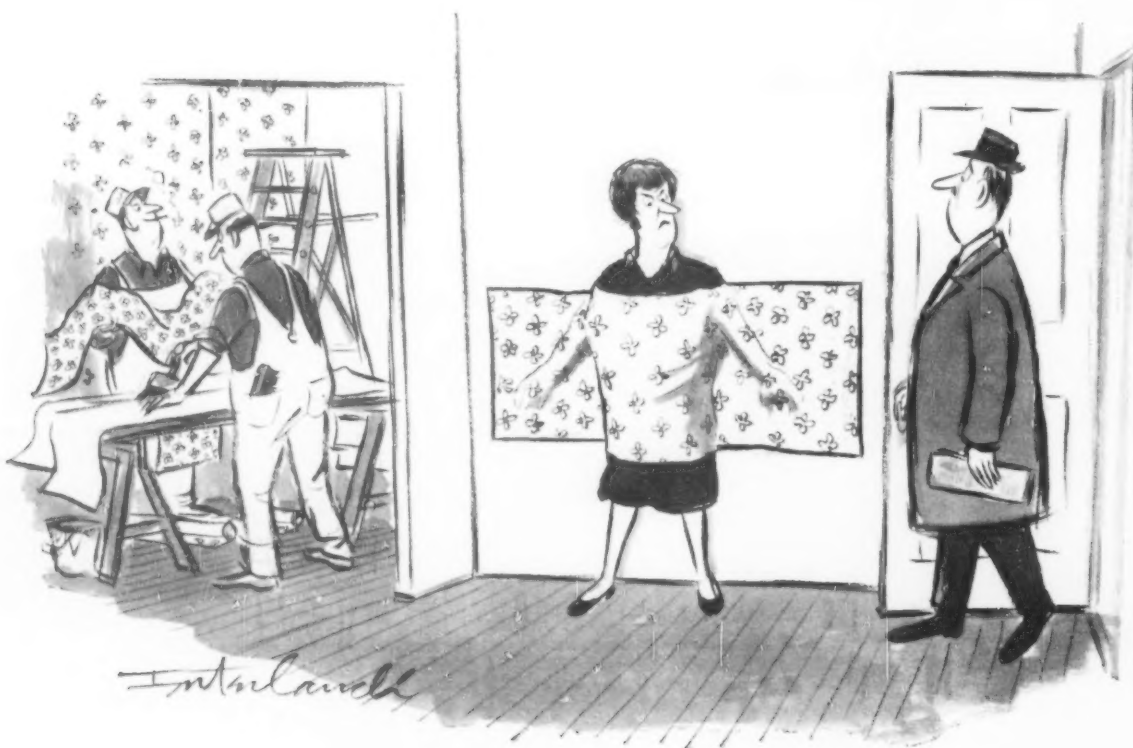
kid's going to end up in Kingston.")

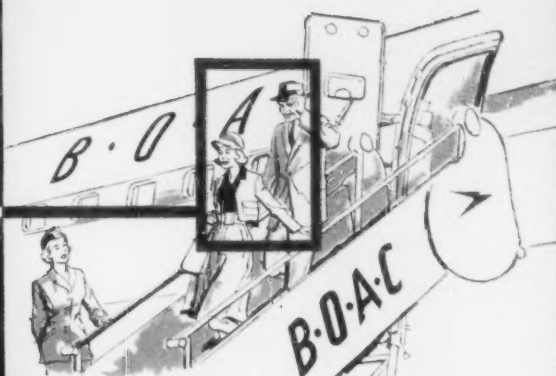
Art Mason, who ran the corner store, recalls that he soon came to realize that young Harpington was a lad worth watching. ("I turn my back for five seconds, and there's three oranges and half a dozen candy bars missing.")

Walter Morton, a near neighbor, is emphatic that he soon came to recognize his remarkable executive ability. ("Can you imagine it! He got our Billy to mow half an acre of grass by offering him a stick of chewing gum.")

Of course they say that parents are the last people to appreciate their children's talents, but this doesn't hold true of his own dad. The old man is positive that he felt the boy would have a profound influence on others. ("If that kid of ours doesn't reform pretty darn soon, he's going to drive me to the loony bin.")

PARKE CUMMINGS





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**Photographed in a street in Seville, Spain. Let BOAC jet you there via London and connecting BEA flights to Madrid.*

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

OUR MAN IN HAVANA: Noel Coward of the British Secret Service (left) stonily conscripts a mild salesman of vacuum cleaners (Sir Alec Guinness) as an undercover agent in pre-Castro Havana. That's the basic joke in Sir Carol Reed's British screen edition of the Graham Greene novel, and many of its ramifications are funny enough to make the film an item worth catching. At times, however, the understatement is overdone and a curious melancholy takes the edge off the cloak-and-dagger satire. Coward's performance is a glorious caricature of the impeccable bureaucrat. Also on hand are Burl Ives, Maureen O'Hara, Ernie Kovacs.

PRETTY BOY FLOYD: Another in the recent outburst of pseudo-documentary underworld "biographies." It pretends to offer a "crime does not pay" sermon but actually glamorizes the farm-boy hoodlum (played by John Ericson) memorialized in the title. Rating: fair.

THE HYPNOTIC EYE: No explanation is ever given as to how and why the hypnotist in this horror yarn (Jacques Bergerac) has fallen under the spell of the shapely psychopath (Allison Hayes) whose hobby is the mutilation of beautiful girls. Suspenseful, but implausible.

TALL STORY: A few witty wisecracks and a charming debut by young Jane Fonda (daughter of Henry) are not enough to atone for the silly plot and too-whimsical style of this Hollywood campus comedy. With Anthony Perkins, Ray Walston, Marc Connelly.

TOBY TYLER: Produced by Walt Disney, this is a cheerful and entertaining comedy-drama about a small boy (Kevin Corcoran) who runs away and joins a circus. The picture is aimed mainly at the youngsters but many a grownup is likely to enjoy it, too.

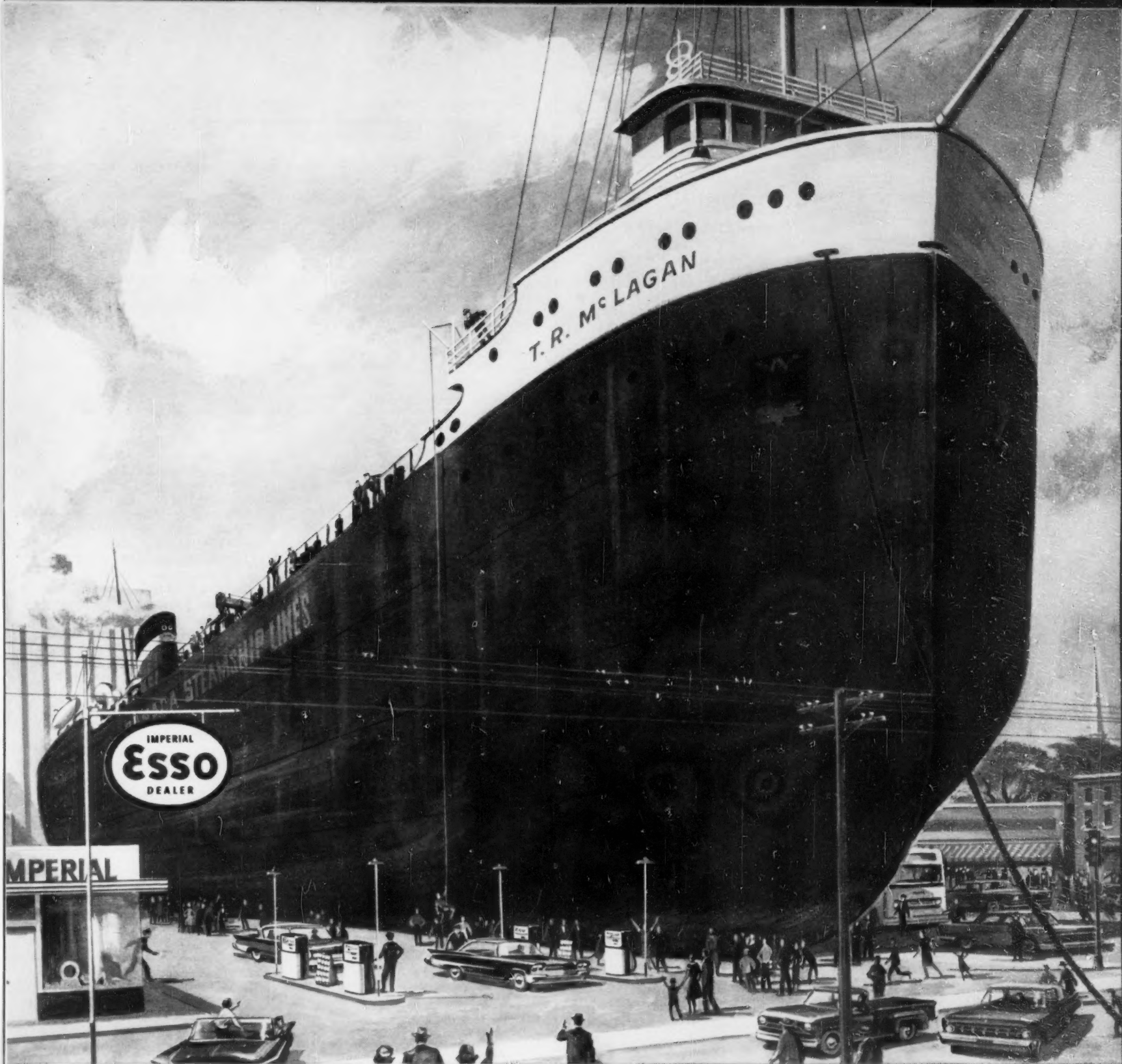
A TOUCH OF LARCENY: An ingenious British comedy, sluggish in tempo but amusing nonetheless. James Mason appears as a peacetime Royal Navy commander who deliberately makes himself look like a top-secret traitor, for complicated reasons involving an enticing widow (Vera Miles). With George Sanders.

THE STRANGLERS OF BOMBAY: Human brandings, the plucking out of tongues and miscellaneous forms of slaughter are among the hideous deeds either seen or heard in this gruesome British melodrama, set in the India of 1829. With Guy Rolfe, Allan Cuthbertson.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Ben-Hur: Biblical drama. Excellent.
The Big Fisherman: Bible drama. Fair.
The Bramble Bush: "Adult" drama. Fair.
Cash McCall: Comedy-drama. Fair.
Eugene Onegin: Filmed opera. Good.
Expresso Bongo: British comedy. Good.
Flame Over India: Drama. Good.
The Gazebo: Murder comedy. Fair.
Gene Krupa Story: Biog-musical. Fair.
Happy Anniversary: Sexy farce. Fair.
A Hole in the Head: Comedy. Good.
Home from the Hill: Drama. Good.
I'm All Right, Jack: Comedy. Good.
Jack the Ripper: Whodunit. Fair.
Jet Over the Atlantic: Suspense. Fair.
Journey to the Centre of the Earth: Science-fiction. Good.
The Last Voyage: Suspense. Excellent.
Left, Right and Centre: Comedy. Fair.
Li'l Abner: Comic musical. Good.
Masters of the Congo Jungle: African documentary story. Excellent.
The Mouse That Roared: Comedy. Good.
Never So Few: War romance. Good.

Odds Against Tomorrow: Drama. Good.
Once More, With Feeling! Comedy with music. Fair.
On the Beach: Atom-survival drama. Good.
Pillow Talk: Comedy. Excellent.
The Purple Gang: Crime drama. Poor.
The Rookie: Army comedy. Poor.
Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.
Seven Thieves: Crime drama. Good.
Sink the Bismarck! War-at-sea drama. Excellent.
Solomon and Sheba: "Bible" epic. Fair.
SOS Pacific: Suspense drama. Good.
The Story on Page One: Courtroom drama. Excellent.
Suddenly, Last Summer: Ultra-"adult" psychological drama. Fair.
They Came to Cordura: Drama. Good.
Tokyo After Dark: Drama. Fair.
Upstairs and Downstairs: Comedy. Fair.
Who Was That Lady? Comedy. Fair.
The Wreck of the Mary Deare: Sea mystery-drama. Excellent.



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*DBS wholesale price index.

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THE ORIGINAL
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The Saskatchewan continued from page 22

"Alberta's largest city has destroyed far too much of the beauty the river has created there"

say that nature is usually just, that what it takes with one hand it gives with the other. The Saskatchewan country can be so bleakly stern it shrivels the soul; it can also intoxicate with a deluge of sheer loveliness that makes an English June insipid by comparison. In the spring the voice of the turtle is not heard much in this land, but the voices and movements of a myriad of birds, many of them waterfowl, makes hundreds of miles of clear atmosphere quiver with sound and flash with color. The sloughs seem alive, the land deprived by the long winter goes mad with the lust of re-creating the life the frost has killed. Moses would have understood this country. Had civilized men lived along the Saskatchewan three millenniums ago, the prairies undoubtedly would have burgeoned with psalmists and prophets.

The Saskatchewan is not a simple stream but a system of waters having a combined length greater than that of the St. Lawrence or Danube. Though most of its length, in both branches, runs through the majestic monotony of the prairie, its waters rise in some of the most spectacularly beautiful regions of America. The north branch comes out of the Columbia ice field at the foot of Mount Saskatchewan's glacier, and when you stand on the little bridge over the north fork and look at that lithe, frigid stream, not glacial-green but milky from limestone, so narrow in August that a high-school broad-jumper could almost clear it, it can give you a strange feeling when you think how far this water has to go.

The analogy between rivers and lives has been overworked, but only because the comparison is unavoidable. The beginnings of both move us more than we care to admit because they show so clearly that all things are subject to accident. A chance in the human genes, a drunken driver, a virus so small it is invisible through a microscope, and a human life is stunted or killed. A tilt in the landscape, the proximity of a larger stream, and what might have been a famous river is only a tributary brook.

But this milky brook we see bubbling down from Mount Saskatchewan survives to claim mastery over hundreds of brooks and even over a few substantial rivers. The gray-green water of the north branch flickers down the valley between Mounts Amery and Coleman, its wide gravel washes littered with bleached driftwood, and finds or carves a course through the range. It flows down to Rocky Mountain House where it takes in the Brazeau and the Clearwater, then swells on to Edmonton, gathering in several other mountain streams as it goes.

When the North Saskatchewan twists under the escarpments of Alberta's largest city, which up to the present has destroyed far too much of the beauty the river has created here, it is now a master stream flecked with foam and haunted with wild fowl. It is about 140 yards wide and its surface looks like tan silk, its current is visible with the life of the mountains still within it, its sound is a lisp whisper. But that it is already a river of the prairies is proved by the amount of silt it carries. Floundering through ragweed

and mud the color of axle grease in what should have been a carefully landscaped park. I once put my hand into the river and held a silver quarter under its surface. It disappeared from sight at a depth of three inches.

From Edmonton the north branch winds out into the plain through horizon after horizon with here and there a tiny village stark on its banks, and here and there a clump of cottonwood. After crossing the provincial boundary above Lloydminster—when the first settlers arrived in the north bend they found the prairie grass so rich and tangled they could scarcely walk in it—the river winds on through the plains into North Battleford. Here it takes in the Battle, bends south and then north to Prince Albert, above it the limitless sky, about and beyond it the empty land.

A little past Prince Albert, at the forks, the north branch finally meets its great partner from the south. Then the united Saskatchewan flows through the wilderness into Manitoba, past The Pas into Cedar Lake. Here through the ages it has deposited so many million tons of silt that Alexander Mackenzie, seeing the region two centuries ago, predicted that in time all this watery expanse would turn into forest.

The great fur-trading struggle

After Cedar Lake the Saskatchewan's journey is nearly done. With a swift rush of rapids, the waters swirl into the north-western bulge of Lake Winnipeg at a point some 340 miles east of the forks. Eventually some Saskatchewan water leaks out into the Nelson and merges with the brine of Hudson Bay.

The sources of the south branch, which is sometimes called a tributary, are just as interesting as those of its partner and considerably more varied. The prime source is Bow Lake, from which the Bow River pours so gaily down the pass through Banff to Calgary and beyond. Its confluence in southern Alberta with the Old Man, whose waters come from a number of mountain sources, is taken as the beginning of the South Saskatchewan proper. This was the great river of the buffalo plains in the early days, and were it deeper and wider it would resemble the Volga. It flows easterly past Medicine Hat, then northeast across the provincial boundary where it gathers in the Red Deer, then up through the prairie past Saskatoon and Batoche to the forks. The total length of the south branch from Bow Lake to the forks is 860 miles, the total drop to Lake Winnipeg more than six thousand feet.

"The Canadians are chosen Men inured to hardship & fatigue, under which your Present Servants would sink. A Man in the Canadian Service who cannot carry two packs of eighty lbs. each, one and one half leagues loses his Trip that is his Wages."

So wrote an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company from York Factory at the beginning of the great fur-trading rivalry between his company and the Nor'westers

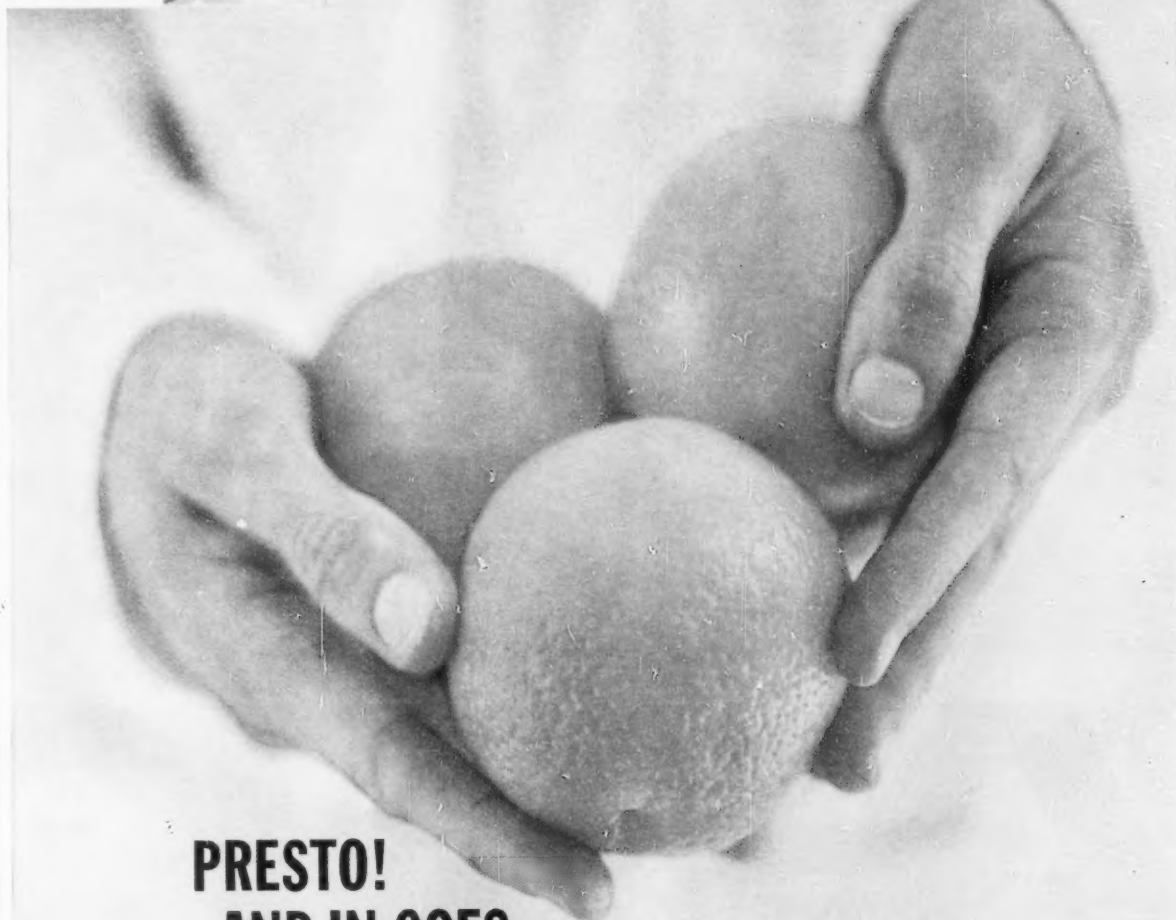
who had paddled and portaged to the west all the way from Montreal. He was reporting to his superiors in London who had probably been complaining that the number of furs coming to England from York Factory had been decreasing. He had seen the *voyageurs* on the Saskatchewan portages laughing and joking as they carried their "pieces" by tumpline, which was a leather band passed around their foreheads. Their bull-strong necks swelled, their iron-muscled chests rose and fell, as they walked, and when they had passed the carrying place they were fit to paddle leagues farther at the striking rate of forty to the minute.

"He is an old ignorant Frenchman," wrote Matthew Cocking, also of the HBC, when describing a Saskatchewan River fur trader whom the servants of the Honourable Company called a "peddler." He was known as "Franceways," and though far from his home in New France, he had made himself pretty comfortable on the river. "I do not think he keeps a proper distance from his men," Cocking wrote on, "they coming into his apartment and talking with him as one of themselves. But what I am most surprised at, they keep no watch in the night; even when the Natives are lying on their plantation."

For both these quotations I am indebted to Marjorie Wilkins Campbell's magnificent book on the Saskatchewan, which is virtually a history of the Canadian west. Both quotations come from the middle eighteenth century, and they illustrate perfectly the two elements in which the Canadian *voyageurs* surpassed their English rivals of the HBC: their superior river craft and their ability to get along with the Indians. As Mrs. Campbell wryly remarks of Franceways, he had no need to keep a watch while the natives slept on his "plantation." The chief's daughter was sharing his bed. As for the competition, there was a time when Franceways, single-handed, nearly ruined the Saskatchewan trade of the Honourable Company.

In *War and Peace*, Tolstoy says that in historical events it is only unconscious activity that bears fruit, and that the man who plays a vital role in an historical drama never understands the final significance of his own acts. Though this theory may not work well in the case of a Jefferson or a Churchill, it is marvelously applicable to the ironic history of Canada. It may sound strange to say that a foul-smelling *couteur de bois* like Franceways was a maker of history, but he was. He and the other *voyageurs* knew nothing about history and cared less, but most of them were fully conscious that in their place and time they were privileged men. They were free. They sprang from European peasants who had never been allowed to leave their villages or their lord's estates unless drafted into the army for a war they understood nothing about. In the Canadian west they were their own masters and lived like kings with the Indian women, and in order to keep on doing so, they were willing to compete and even to fight with each other. Hence came about the history-making contest between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Nor'westers.

The "servants" of the Honourable Company prided themselves on being more disciplined than their rivals, and the skill with which the remote English governors of the Company squeezed the last ounce of loyalty out of their servants for the minimum price possible would be well worth the study of any modern exploiter. The furious rivalry between the Canadian fur traders and the Bay men ended in the destruction of the



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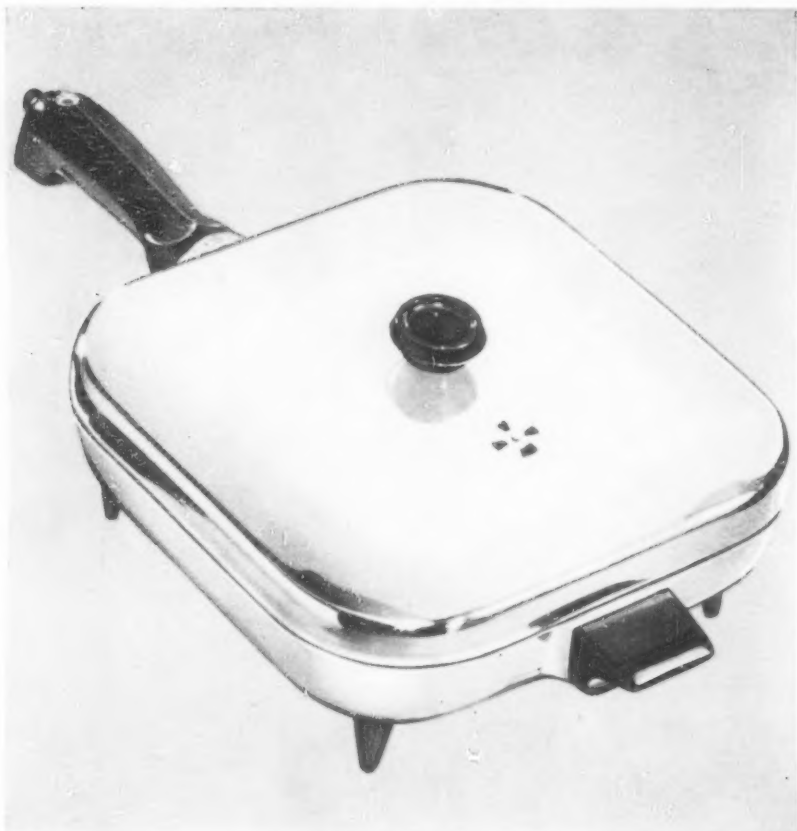
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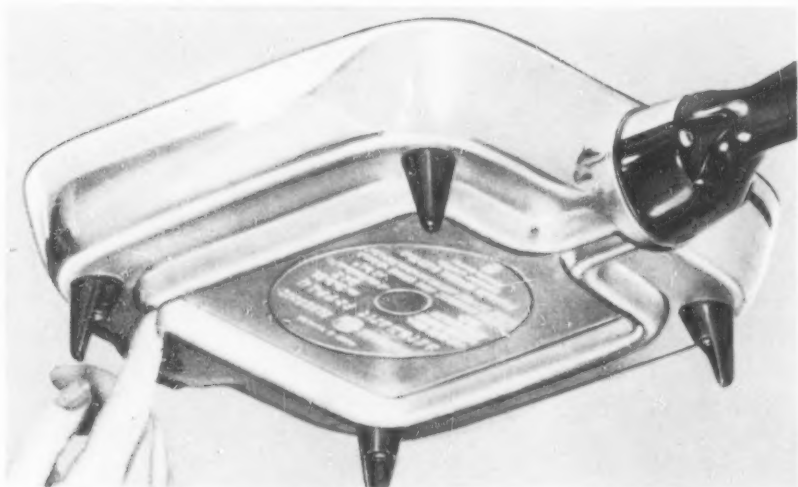
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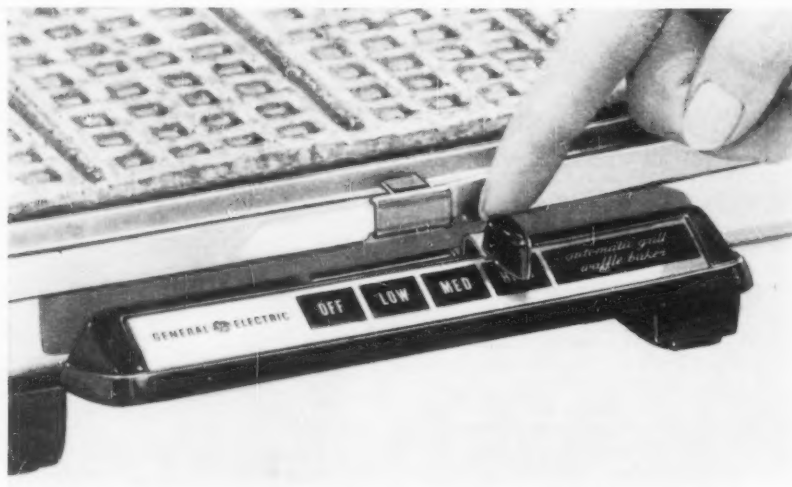


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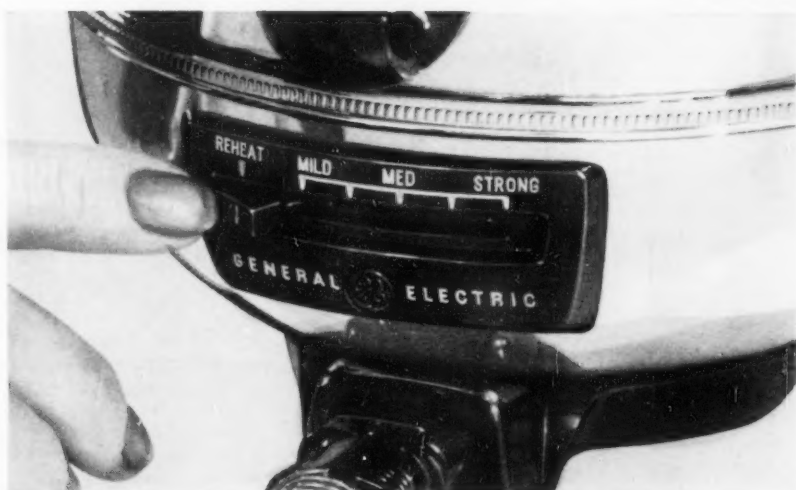
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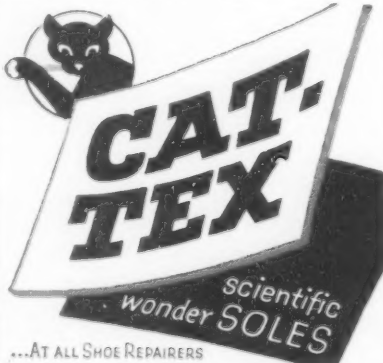
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Canadian company and its absorption by the HBC. It also resulted in the virtual annihilation of the beavers.

But its lasting result had an historical importance far beyond the knowledge of any of the men who produced it: it was the exploration of the whole northwest of this continent, and the retention of it, for a time as an empire, by British North America. In this exploration the Saskatchewan River was the vital artery.

"Being then sixteen years of age, I gave my parents to understand that I had a strong desire to be a soldier."

This sentence of Peter Pond, in the spelling which lends a weird charm to everything he wrote, signifies the beginning of another of those unconscious historical careers which change the shape of societies. Peter Pond, the ex-Yankee who had wanted to be a soldier, who indeed was one for a while, drifted into the fur trade and became one of its leaders. Rough and ignorant, twice suspected of murder, he was also a poet without knowing it. He learned the wilderness as a man learns his own back yard, and he had the poet's dedication to an unseen goal. Not fur, but the Northwest Passage, was what Pond was really after. In searching for the passage he became as important to the history of the Saskatchewan as Champlain had been to the St. Lawrence and Ottawa.

Other white men had been on the river before Peter Pond: the "Kisiskatchewan" had been visited by Henry Kelsey of the HBC as early as 1691, and in 1741 one of the Vérendrye parties had explored the south branch. Samuel Hearne of the HBC had established Fort Cumberland just west of The Pas when Pond appeared on the river. Significantly, in view of what he was to accomplish there, Pond arrived just one year before the outbreak of the American Revolution. He was to re-

main on or beyond the Saskatchewan for thirteen years, and by the time his work was done, the Saskatchewan River was established once and for all as the key to the entire northwest of America.

Specifically, Peter Pond vastly increased the mobility of the Northwest Company's canoe brigades by discovering pemmican from the Indians and establishing a system of food caches along the trade routes. These routes he extended into regions which seemed more remote from Montreal than the moon seems today. He was the first white man on the Methy Portage and the first in the Athabasca. In weather so cold that his ink froze, he drew the first map of the Northwest Territories. Another map he drew with the intention of presenting it to Catherine the Great of Russia when he reached her country by the Northwest Passage he was sure he would discover.

Think what course history would have taken if the Saskatchewan had not been there and had not been opened up when it was.

The needle of exploration, threading west along the water route from Montreal, was trending southwest toward the Missouri when the American Revolution broke out. After the Americans won the war, the chief aim of their statesmen who drew the treaty with the English in 1783 was to secure for the United States a boundary line in America which would strangle the economic life of the loyal provinces in the north. Thanks to English ignorance of North American geography, Franklin, Adams and Jay, the American treaty-makers, were able to come back from Versailles and report to congress that they had totally succeeded. Not only had they made the English agree to a boundary which penned Upper and Lower Canada into narrow strips of arable land between the United States and the Laurentian Shield; they thought they had ruined the Canadian fur trade

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Don't be ridiculous, son — bears don't make tracks like that."

by securing Grand Portage and had deprived Canada of any hinterland save the rock and bush of the shield.

But the American statesmen knew nothing of the Saskatchewan, least of all that Canadian canoe brigades had been paddling it and establishing posts on it all the way from Lake Winnipeg to the Rockies during the very years of the Revolutionary War.

As a result of these activities, the whole northwestern region of North America was explored and claimed by the loyal colonies. When the railways were pushing westward, the south branch led the engineers of the CPR through Bow Pass to the Kicking Horse. So it came about that the Saskatchewan River secured for British North America the very hinterland which the Treaty of Versailles had aimed to take away from them.

These are some of the reasons why the Saskatchewan is the second most historical river in Canada. There are others.

In one way or another, almost every famous name associated with the Canadian west is connected with the Saskatchewan. There were the Vérendryes and Samuel Hearne, Peter Pangman and the brothers Frobisher, Pond, Mackenzie, Thompson, Fraser and William McGillivray. It was at Batoche on the south branch that Louis Riel stood with the tragic, nomadic race left by the matings of *voyageurs* and Indian women. It was toward the Saskatchewan that the militia went to put down the Rebellion, and in the Saskatchewan territory that the Northwest Mounted Police laid the groundwork of their reputation. And of course it was from the north branch that John Diefenbaker flew into Ottawa with the biggest political majority in Canadian history.

"How can they?" I heard a New England woman say as she stared at the wind flattening the prairie grass beyond the Edmonton airport. "How can they want to live in a country like this?"

On winter days when forty-mile-an-hour gales tear across the prairie snow, this writer from the gentle province of Nova Scotia has often had the same thought. There is no use in pretending that the Saskatchewan River country is kind to its people. It is one of the sternest, and can be one of the harshest, terrains inhabited by people living normal civilized lives. But the very fact that it is inhabited by civilized people has an historical significance most of us forget in these comfortable times.

If anyone wants to know what life was like a century or two ago for the underprivileged, the place to go is not England or central Europe or even Montreal; it is to the Saskatchewan River country. Look at those millions of acres of sectional farms with their solitary houses and the stark little river towns like Prince Albert and Batoche. The art of photography was well advanced before the homesteaders moved into this country and the photographs of early Saskatoon, which became a community only in 1882, show scenes so bleak they make a sensitive person quail. It is all very well to make jokes about the prairie that broke the plough so long as you make them in the east; to make them on the prairies is like joking about rope in the house of a man who was hanged. So harsh was the early life out here, so recently has it faded into the past, that many a homesteader still living along the Saskatchewan remembers his first winters in a sod hut on that implacable plain.

Things are so easy today when the trains run through and the aircraft fly so fast that passengers complain if head

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winds delay a flight from Toronto to Saskatoon by as much as fifteen minutes. But in the days before the homesteaders, winterers of the fur trade had to wait out three quarters of a year for the arrival of the canoe brigades from the east. In all that time their only possible companions were women of a savage race. If they took sick or broke a limb and were alone, they knew it meant death.

Perhaps it is well to remember things like these whenever we hear praisers of the past say how lovely it was in Europe when the gentry had exquisite taste, or how secure life used to be when the lower classes were content with the station to which God had appointed them.

The development of the Saskatchewan River country is an implicit refutation of all these sentimental images of the past. Behind it were two needs so basic that they drove hundreds of thousands of men to take gambles almost as drastic as those contemplated by modern astronauts. Sufficient food and the chance of mastering their own fate—these were the goals which led the people to the Saskatchewan.

What the homesteaders did out there, the volume of effort they expended, can be gauged by looking at Saskatchewan and reflecting how brief the settlement has been. To the farmers the river was of small help; its trench is so deep it has been almost useless for irrigation, and even now the cost of making it useful (\$182 million for the dam proposed at Loreburn) is enough to make any government think hard before sanctioning it. Drought and long distance, desperate winters and unpredictable rainfall—all these enemies the settlers had to face. But they poured in so fast, and they worked so hard and well, that the Saskatchewan River country can be said to have leaped into civilization in three generations.

It is only ninety years since the governors of the Hudson's Bay Company in London sold out their holdings to the Canadian government (despite Sir George Simpson's repeated declaration that Saskatchewan would never be fit for settlement) and with them the life's work of hundreds of the Company's faithful servants. It is only eighty-eight years since the Land Act was passed. It is only seventy-five years since Louis Riel and Gabriel Dumont defied the troops of the Canadian government, and fifty-five years since Saskatchewan became a province.

All this was possible because of the need that took them there. Between 1874 and 1900 the silence of the prairie was split by the creaking of thousands of Red River carts as the families moved in; during that period 88,000 entries were filed. By 1905 homesteads covered almost five million acres.

But this settlement was not concerned solely with wheat-growing; the homesteaders had a craving for education. Montreal had been settled for two centuries before it had a university, but the University of Saskatchewan is only five years younger than its province. It has become one of our best universities, and at the moment it has the finest morale of any educational establishment I have ever seen.

Last fall, when the University of Saskatchewan celebrated its jubilee, I was there as the representative of McGill, along with representatives of almost every university in Canada, of Oxford, of three Scottish universities and of many in the United States.

Dr. J. S. Thomson, Saskatchewan University's second president, was there also, and in the bus on the way to the ceremonies he told us a story I shall always

remember whenever I think of the Saskatchewan River country.

"When I came here in 1937," Dr. Thomson said, "we were at the bottom of the barrel. Seven years of drought and depression—I couldn't meet my payroll. But the government told me, 'Take in the students. Take them in just the same.'"

The students came and most of them were desperately poor. Many lacked proper clothes and footwear against the winter, and the IODE set up collection agencies for rubbers and old clothes. One day a girl came to Dr. Thomson and she seemed thin and blue from the cold. She wanted to register.

"Why have you come here?" Dr. Thomson asked.

"My father sent me. I'm going to be a doctor."

He looked at her and asked: "What did you have for breakfast?"

"I don't need any breakfast. I work better without it."

"What about your lunch?"

"I'll decide later."

"And your supper—what about that?"

"My brother will come in with some potatoes from the farm."

Dr. Thomson arranged for her to obtain a pair of rubbers, and she left his office. A few months later he made in-

TOUGH SLEDDIN'

I've given up a mighty cause —
To be the man my father was —
But find it's just as hard to be
The man my kiddies think is me!

PAT EWINGS

quiries and discovered that she was living in the basement of a Saskatoon house, where at least she could keep warm and pay her keep by tending the furnace. He also learned that she was leading all her classes.

The next fall she came back to him and took something out of her purse.

"These are my fees for last year," she said.

"How did you get the money?"

"We had a bit of a crop."

Dr. Thomson looked at a young lad standing beside her and asked who he was.

"He's my brother. My father sent him. He's going to be an engineer."

There was silence in the bus as some half dozen presidents of eastern universities listened to this story. Inevitably somebody asked what had become of the girl.

"She's a brilliant surgeon now," Dr. Thomson said. "The fight was worth while."

A day later I flew home to Montreal, and as I looked down on that interminable river winding below, the plane's horizon many times the width of Peter Pond's, I seemed to see the ghostly canoe brigades tiny in that colossal setting, and actually did see the solitary farmhouses on the land the homesteaders had broken. How much courage has been spent out here, I thought, how much loneliness and privation have gone unrecorded, how much despair has been the companion of how many people for so long they would not have known what to do without it! The plane flew east with a westerly wind behind it and was in Montreal in a few hours, after covering a distance it used to take the canoe brigades half a year to conquer. ★



Gisele MacKenzie
tells her story

Continued from page 29

was working as rehearsal pianist and assistant arranger on my TV show.

Those first few hours in Vegas were pretty hectic, getting the marriage license and making all the hotel arrangements. We'd set the time for about 1 a.m. and except for the judge being a bit late — he'd stopped off to catch the last show in the Flamingo supper club on his way up to the suite — the ceremony went off pretty much as planned.

So far, it sounds as if it had all been on the spur of the moment; irresponsible, perhaps. But the truth is it was something that had taken us ten long years to decide. We'd gone through endless soul-searching, fighting, suffering, worrying and, in my case, getting sick over it. As Bob was a divorced man, it meant giving up my faith and this was a terribly difficult thing for me to do, not only because of what it would do to my family but also in the way it would affect me. For I'd always been a very Catholic Catholic. I never took my faith lightly, as some people might contend.

Bob never forced the issue. He long since had accepted it as a situation which never could be resolved. He tried to get interested in other women. I thought perhaps I could meet someone, a Catholic, with whom I could be happy. But neither of us was successful. Finally, I decided there was no other way. I didn't want to wind up being an old maid, a dried-up old prune. If it meant sacrificing my faith, then I was prepared, now, to do it.

The years of worrying and soul-searching were exhausting, mentally and physically, but I'm thankful we didn't get married at the beginning. It would have been all wrong then. It was better that we waited, giving me a chance to grow up because I believe you have to do a lot of growing up and go through a lot before you know your own mind.

It isn't hard to imagine what my marriage did to my mother and father, whom I had already disappointed by giving up the violin career they had planned for me. I didn't have the courage to tell them about it myself because I knew there would be tears and words and I was wrought up enough as it was.

So I phoned my older sister, Hugette, who lives in Winnipeg and pleaded with her, and her husband, Paul Lord, to help me. "I know it's going to be difficult telling Mother and Dad," I said. "I know I'm asking you a lot but you've got to do it for me."

Later, she told me it had been the most trying experience of her life. She and Paul had been invited to my parents' home for dinner and after it was over she finally got enough courage to drop the bomb. "There's something you should know," she said. "You'll be seeing it in the papers anyway and so it's better that you hear about it in advance—Gisele and Bob are getting married."

It broke their hearts as I knew it would. I wrote home and my father replied. Then I phoned. Dad wept. "I've done nothing but cry for the last week," he said.

I thanked him for what he'd said to

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CATS

One of her two cats snoozes in a favored spot—a planter.



DOGS

A famous face takes a licking from a long-haired dachshund.



FISH

Gisele sprinkles fish food into her tropical aquarium.



BIRDS

Besides her own cage birds, she feeds others on the patio.

the newspapers that had called our home—that I was old enough to know my own mind and if this was what I wanted, then it was perfectly all right with him. "I know," he said, "but I never want you to forget that in my heart I didn't mean a word of it."

After a week, he had forgiven me but with mother it was different. She refused all communication with me for three full months. Today she's reconciled to the situation.

Last spring, when I was appearing at the Flamingo, where we'd been married, I suddenly said to Bob: "Gee, here it is a year since we were married and everything with the folks seems to be pretty well ironed out, why don't we invite them to spend a few days with us? I'm still their daughter, after all, and you're their son-in-law, so it's time we all got with it and were friends."

My father answered when I phoned. "How would you and Mother like to join us?" I asked. "You've never seen Las Vegas, it's exciting and I know you'll have fun." Great silence. Finally he said: "I'll have to talk to your mother. She's

out shopping now. I'll let you know tomorrow. You know that I'd love to go but it will be up to her."

As it turned out he didn't have to do much selling because suddenly mother wasn't mad any more, the atmosphere was no longer strained and she was right back in stride, organizing things. "When are we going to get the tickets, what train do we take? Now be sure to meet us!" She was her old self again; she'd had a change of heart.

Within a few days they were with us and for the next two and a half weeks seemed to have the time of their lives. We didn't talk much about what had happened, most of it being understood by now. Mother was very nice to Bob and they liked each other. They're still not on any "Mom and Bob" basis but there's a mutual fondness and I believe they're quite good friends.

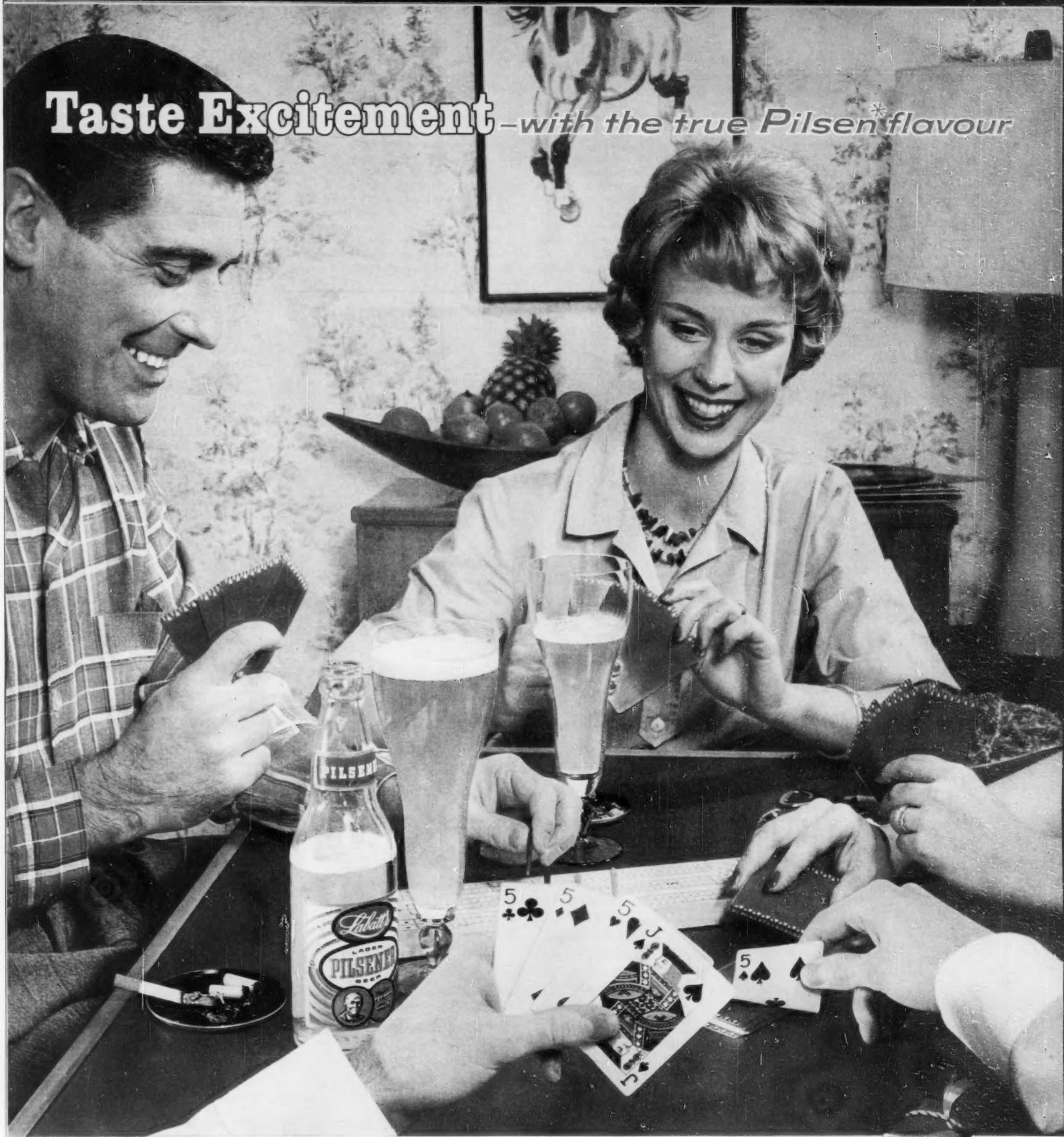
We gave my parents some mad money to gamble, took them to the girlie shows which had become popular in Vegas at the time, made the trip to Hoover Dam, not far away. What seemed to delight my dad more than anything was the chance

to drive my white Imperial convertible. Mother was dying to see our new home in Encino, just north and west of Hollywood, and so after the first week we gave them the keys and they spent a week there, rejoining us for another five days before returning to Winnipeg.

And so, finally, the family situation had ironed itself out. Saying good-by to us, mother added: "Your dad and I have never had so much fun." No one could know just how much this meant to me, to be forgiven. I could understand it taking so long for mother to forgive. I know that at her age it isn't easy to accept a situation in your family which contradicts your whole philosophy, particularly in the religious sense and more so when the family is French Canadian. I say this respectfully because I believe most French Canadians feel and observe an unusual family pride and unity, which certainly applies to the LaFleches.

We also had to overcome some problems from Bob's point of view. We both know that around Toronto, in particular, I'm still looked upon by many people as "the other woman" as far as Bob's first

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marriage was concerned. But the parties involved, being adult and sensible, know this is not true; long before Bob and I fell in love, his marriage to Frosia Gregory had not been working out. But for some reason people prefer to be malicious and talk about it in the other vein.

What Bob went through meeting my parents, I went through last summer when his and Frosia's children visited us in California. I had never met Bobby, who is twelve, and Barbara, now a lovely sixteen, was just a tiny little girl when I'd last seen her. She used to be around

the CBC, where she was well known as Baby Bee, singing and reading lines on Byng Whitteker's Small Types show.

Within a day after the youngsters arrived for their visit, everything was fine. No more strain, which I'm sure was felt only by me. They stayed most of the summer with us and seemed to have a lot of fun, particularly in the pool, which is a good big one (about sixty by thirty) and different, for Hollywood—it isn't shaped like somebody's kidney or piano; it's just a conventional oblong.

We love our house, a stone bungalow,

with a large, L-shaped living-and-dining area, a large master bedroom, a good-sized guest room and a comfortable den where Bob has all his high-fi and recording equipment. The kitchen isn't large but it's big enough. French doors from the living room open onto a patio about thirty feet deep and running the width of the house, about seventy feet. It's a covered patio, with the roof line extending to its outer edge. Beyond the patio is a lawn which, after about thirty feet, slopes up to a height of about five feet, to the pool level. At one end of the pool,

which has a deep patio area, there is a series of wooden dressing rooms, while at the other end, beyond the diving board, there's a bed of shrubs and flowers about ten feet deep. The bed extends and runs along the far side of the pool, ending, in the left-hand corner, in a rockery which I've had fun building, collecting odd stones and buying funny little gnomes and other figurines to fashion a kind of dwarfs' village. As a reminder of home we have a couple of maple trees in the garden, along with the tropical varieties and Bob had made the whole thing look really pretty at night by stringing just the right number of colored lights through the trees and bushes.

Except for aircraft flying in and out of Burbank, not too far away, we have the feeling of being away from it all when we're in our garden; which is most of the time.

We bought the house in 1958, shortly after coming back from Europe. We'd looked at about six houses when Bob came home one evening and said he'd seen two I'd probably like, one very expensive and the other fairly reasonable.

He felt I'd like the expensive one, across from Liberace's place, but I hated it the moment I walked into it. You get feelings about houses, almost as if they're human. This one was unfriendly. It didn't seem to have any heart. It was broken up into a lot of rooms without any logical plan and there was no warmth.

Her famous neighbors

I fell in love with the second house immediately and we bought it almost as quickly. We paid \$55,000 for it and put in a few more thousand for certain improvements. But when you compare the price with what you would pay for the same house in Toronto, it amounts to quite a bargain.

There are several show-business personalities in the neighborhood. Axel and June Stordahl live a couple of houses away, Steve Allen lives in a nearby street, as do Clark Gable, Gale Storm and Jack Carson. George Gobel is our honorary mayor. But for all that we see of our neighbors we might as well be living in a section of Toronto. We have a great many friends but not many close ones. People in show business are on the move so much you really haven't the time to establish fixed ties with any one group. This, in my opinion, is one reason for so many broken marriages among people in the entertainment industry.

Interviewers have suggested that it must be difficult for Bob and me to mix domestic life and my career successfully. I don't see it this way at all. I'm sure it would be much more difficult for us if Bob had an independent career, which would mean separations. We have friends who have their own careers in show business and it amazes us that they stay married when they see so little of each other.

Bob and I, on the other hand, are working together, for the same thing. We've shared so much and been through so much during the years, building my career. We often disagree, sometimes quite stormily, but eventually we reach an agreement. I didn't want to do the Waldorf engagement last fall, for example, and Bob didn't want me to do it, actually, but he felt it was the right thing for my career and he insisted on it. But the most important thing is that we're always together, particularly as I have to be on the road so much.

Where is my career going from here? At this writing, I have no way of knowing for sure. I doubt if I'll tackle another

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television series of my own, not after my experience with the Gisele MacKenzie Show. Last year we made a pilot for a series in which I would have played a career widow but NBC couldn't find a buyer—for which I'm thankful because we didn't think much of the prospects. It resembled too closely the plot line for an already-established series called Bachelor Father. In fact it was prepared by the same writers and John Forsythe, hero of Bachelor Father, made a guest appearance in the pilot for my series, and I played in a segment of his series. I mean how copycat can you get?

One thing I'm determined to have is a family. When I had a miscarriage last year, after three months, it was as heavy a blow as any I've experienced, particularly as I'd been feeling so well. The doctors couldn't explain it. For a while after that I thought maybe I'd never be able to have children and was afraid to have a check-up because I didn't want to hear the worst. I finally went to my doctor in New York last August and he gave me a clean bill. "There's absolutely nothing wrong with you," he said, "you're healthy enough to bear five or six children if you want them."

But, meanwhile, I have to keep working. It probably sounds paradoxical that someone who has earned more than a million dollars in the last few years should say this, but the truth is that I'm worried about money. I haven't really got anything in the bank to show for all the luck and success I've had. In the last four years my income has varied between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand but last year, after we'd paid the last installment of income tax, I was depressed—there was so little left. I'm in a bracket now where seventy-eight cents of every dollar I make goes out in taxes, commissions, fees and other business expenses. What it amounts to, really, is that I'm living in a better house and enjoying better things but I'm on a treadmill which doesn't allow me to save any appreciable amount.

That month-long engagement in the Waldorf is a pretty good example. For it I was paid five thousand dollars a week. Before I so much as stepped into the Empire Room I had spent the first five thousand dollars on new material, arrangements, choreography and wardrobe. Then there was a ten percent New York State income tax, ten percent to my agency, MCA, five percent to George Gottfried, my auditor, an even larger whack for federal tax, plus the percentage to Bob, as my manager, according to a contract we've always had and which is a private matter. At the end of the month, I'd lost money, except for the "rebate" of Bob's percentage.

And so, when you're enjoying a good streak such as mine of the past three or four years, you have selectivity forced upon you. We have to work very closely with our auditor, making sure we don't accept something paying me a fee that would put me into a bracket where the tax, in the long run, would take more than I earned. We also have to decide, in some such cases, whether the tax loss should be absorbed in favor of what the engagement would mean to my career. Another ironic fact is that meanwhile I'm not spending as freely as one might think. I can't spend according to my gross earnings simply because no matter how clever or ingenious my auditor might be, I never really know how much money I'll need for the next tax installment. What this boils down to is that if you want to wind up with anything at all—don't spend, which is particularly difficult for someone who can't afford to go around

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looking like a beat-up old carpetbag.

My \$150-a-week allowance is supposed to cover everything but the major household expenses. I buy the food out of it, pay for my cosmetics, taxis and gas, and if I see some little item I like in Farmers' Market, a ten-dollar purse or something, this comes out of the allowance. If I wanted to, I could buy furniture and write a cheque on our joint account but Bob usually cools me off by saying: "The account is pretty low, you'd better forget it."

The only way to lick the financial thing is through good investment and through what Bob likes to call "legal chicanery." He makes it sound a lot worse than he really means because part of his legal chicanery was to have me incorporated as a company in 1957, as a tax advantage. Bob is president of the company, Maurie Kessler is vice-president, our auditor Gordon Godfrey, is secretary-treasurer and I'm the principal stockholder.

Recently we set up another company to participate with a syndicate in a land deal covering properties in Phoenix and Tucson. It'll be a case of holding onto the land and selling at what we think is the right time. We have some bank stock which has been okay and have an interest in a California company which manufactures special coating for missiles. At one time we'd considered investing in real estate in Canada but settled for some speculative stocks on which we're breaking about even at this point.

Some day, I hope, we can hit on the right investment because otherwise I don't see how we can ever save anything worthwhile. I was born in the wrong era. I should have been born before taxes, for of the few millionaires in this business, the majority are people like Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable or Bing Crosby, who made it in the low-tax period and were able to invest liberally. Como is one of the few newcomers who's become a millionaire, and I'm sure he's got about fourteen companies going for him. It's pretty frustrating, working so hard, earning so much, having to spend so much and ending up with so little.

Taxes notwithstanding, we intend to go on living in and enjoying California and our home as much as possible because we both love the climate. As I have to pick and choose shows, because of the money thing, I'll take as many as possible in Los Angeles because it is less expensive staying at home. I just have to get into my jeans and drive over to Burbank to rehearse. My pals are all there. The make-up man and the dresser who worked on my own show always try to get assigned to whatever program I'm doing a guest shot on. I feel that I belong in California.

Meanwhile I'll continue to look for the right Broadway script and hope that some film producer comes our way. I'd love to do a full-length film, in Cinemascope, color and the works, a really good role. So far there's been only one drawback. Nobody has asked me. I've had offers of some movie roles, but nothing substantial enough. I've spoken to several producers but the reaction has always been the same: "Well, you're a type, a special type."

What they really mean is that I'm no Elizabeth Taylor. They're looking for pretty things and sexy-looking Italian girls and I'm neither. I would have to do a comedy, in a character role such as Irene Dunne and Rosalind Russell would play, where the star can be funny and attractive but not necessarily beautiful. "When we have that type of role," the producers say, "we'll call you."

I'm waiting. ★



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How a big-city police force really works

Continued from page 25

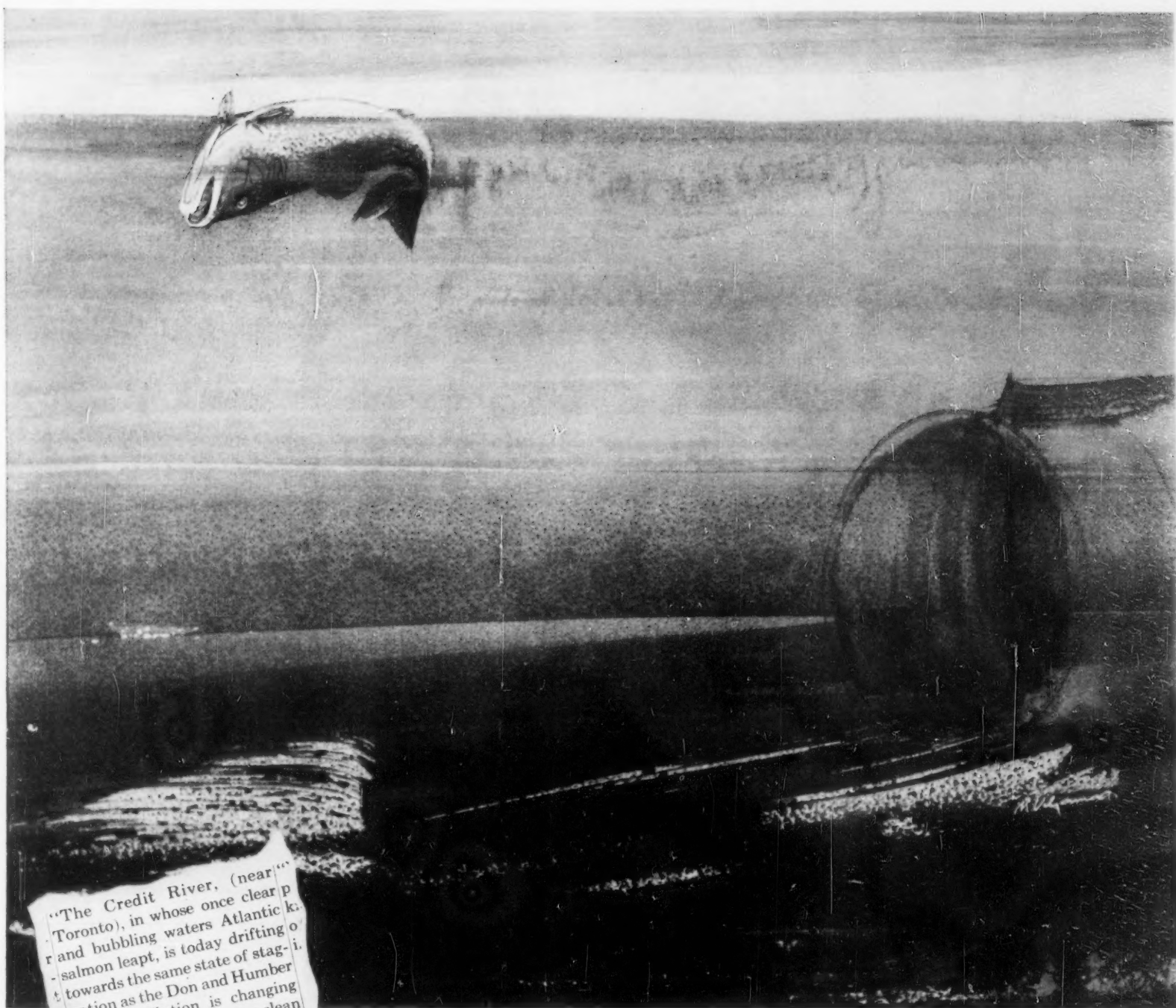
the shoplifter — or "booster" as we call him — may be either an amateur or professional. A few months ago, we picked up a mother after she lifted a few dresses from a clothing counter in a department store. The woman, who could well afford to buy her own clothes, used her three small children to shield her operations. The professional shoplifter operates on a more ambitious and organized scale. We nabbed one couple who specialized in supplying Vancouver "customers" with jewels. The man would go into an exclusive store and ask to see rings. He would then unobtrusively press his hand down on the counter in such a way as to make a few rings stick to his palm. After he accumulated enough to make a shipment, he'd pass them on to his girl friend, who would board a plane for the Pacific coast. We arrested another man who was strictly in the "steal-to-order" business. We found a notebook in his pocket listing dozens of items requested by his "clients." They included an expensive camera with the type of lens designated, a radio with a specified number of transistors, and four cashmere sweaters with sizes and colors noted.

While the pickpocket and shoplifter depend on skill and dexterity, the hold-up man threatens his victim with injury or sudden death. I've seen hundreds of holdup men, but for sheer nerve and brazenness none could match a prairie man I'll call Frank Pearson.

Until his arrest in 1958, the twenty-seven-year-old Pearson seemed flawlessly respectable. He had been earning a comfortable income as a salesman and living in a modest bungalow out west with his wife and five small children. Because of some expensive purchases and investments, he ran into financial difficulties. As a way out of his dilemma, he coldly decided that he would become a bank robber. One December day in 1957, he flew to Toronto, rented a handsome car and checked into a fine hotel. The next day, he made an appointment to see the manager of the Toronto-Dominion Bank at Yonge and Albert streets.

In the manager's office, Pearson introduced himself as Mr. Gair of Buffalo. "I want to talk to you about a financial problem . . ." he started off. Seconds later, the bank manager was staring into the barrel of an automatic which Pearson had slipped quietly out of his brief case. "I don't have to tell you that this is a holdup," said Pearson, calmly. He forced the manager to make out a cheque payable to him for ten thousand dollars. Then he ordered the manager to walk over to the teller with him, still covering him with the gun now concealed in his overcoat pocket. After Pearson tucked the money in his brief case, he turned again to the manager like an old friend, and said, "Let's go and have a cup of coffee."

The two men walked out of the bank onto a street crowded with Christmas shoppers. As they approached a policeman, Pearson warned the manager, "Any monkey business, and you won't be spending Christmas with your family." A few blocks later, at a busy intersection,



"The Credit River, (near Toronto), in whose once clear and bubbling waters Atlantic salmon leapt, is today drifting towards the same state of stagnation as the Don and Humber rivers. Pollution is changing the character of this once clean and sparkling stream."

Wilfred List in the *Globe & Mail*, August 1, 1957

Death of a river

The fight against water pollution is a war with tremendously high stakes. Victory means the reclamation of our water resources. It means the conservation of fish. It means the restoration of our recreational beaches where our children can play and bathe in safety.

This victory is worth fighting for by private citizens, official bodies,

conservation societies and, most important of all, industry. Indeed, we in industry can be the spearhead of attack in this war against pollution.

On our awareness of the issues at stake, on the measures of purification we take in our plants, depend to a large extent the conservation and purity of our water resources.

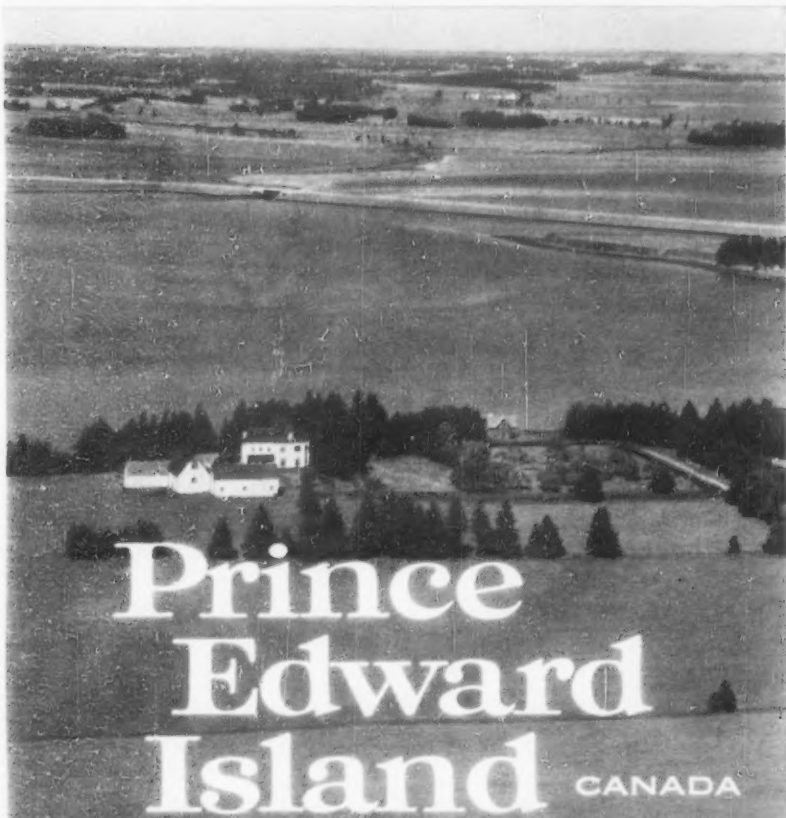


We at Cities Service are very conscious of our responsibility in this matter. Already some \$3,000,000 has been spent by our company on equipment to purify the water used in our Refinery in Trafalgar Township, Ontario, before it is returned to the Lake. A gauge of our care in this regard is the fact that the water used in our Refinery processes is returned purer than it was when originally taken from Lake Ontario. Bass, pickerel and other fish in the Cities Service Aquarium at Trafalgar live and thrive in this purified waste water.



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Pearson said, "Well... here's where we part company. Keep walking and don't look back." Several seconds later, when his victim did turn back, Pearson had disappeared. We caught him the following year when he tried to repeat this performance in another Yonge Street bank. He's now serving a twelve-year sentence in Kingston Penitentiary.

Bank holdups seem to come in clusters, giving rise to a public hue and cry. Everybody has a pet remedy for ending them, but the cures are often more dangerous than the disease. It would be possible to prevent many stick-ups by having armed guards in the lobby of every bank but this might lead to innocent bystanders being hurt or killed. It's been suggested that loud bells start sounding as soon as a holdup is suspected. This might panic the armed robber and start him shooting. One device I favor is a hidden camera that would start taking pictures when an alarm button was touched. This has led to the arrest of several bank robbers in the United States and is now being tested in some Toronto banks.

At this point, I want to reply to the criticism that the police use their firearms too freely. My instructions to every man on the force are that he is not to open fire unless he believes that his own life, or that of a citizen, is in jeopardy. This situation most frequently arises when he's dealing with armed robbers, many of whom will kill rather than be captured.

The policeman chasing an armed thug on a roof top or in an alleyway on a dark night only has a fraction of a second to decide whether he's going to fire his gun or not. If he uses his gun to capture a bloodthirsty criminal who's been menacing the community, then the officer is widely praised. On the other hand, if he fires when he shouldn't—despite the best intentions and the best judgment possible in the heat of the moment—he's severely condemned.

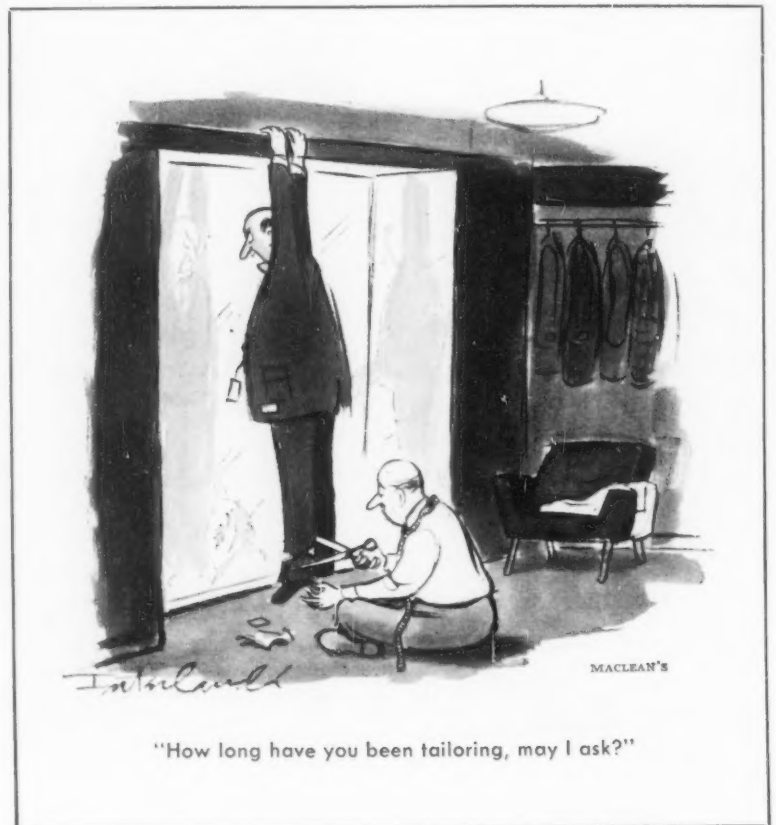
What I'm trying to say is that it's one thing for an armchair critic, who is in no personal danger, to calmly mull over the pros and cons of firing a weapon in

a given situation; it's quite another thing for a man, excited and exposed to danger, to make up his mind almost instantaneously. Let me give you a few actual examples.

The office of a certain large downtown theatre had been broken into a number of times and we were trying to catch the thieves. For several nights, after the theatre was in darkness, we stationed two detectives in the office. Late one night, they heard footsteps approaching. Soon the door knob was being moved and the lock being tinkered with. The detectives stood on either side of the door, inside the office, holding their breaths. Suddenly the lock gave way and the door opened slowly. In a faint shaft of light, one of the detectives could make out the figure of the intruder—a man over six feet tall, with a metal object in his right hand. The detective, with his finger on the trigger of his revolver, hesitated.

Later, he told me, "I didn't fire because I don't like shooting at people. He held what looked to be a gun and he most likely would have opened fire the very second he caught sight of me." Instead, the detectives jumped on the intruder and overpowered him. When the light was switched on, they discovered that the thief was carrying a knife. Had it been a gun, the detective might have been fatally wounded.

One dark night another officer was pursuing a man he'd surprised in the act of looting a store. He chased the suspect over a fence and into a parking lot. When the officer was within twenty-five yards, the suspect suddenly stopped, turned toward the officer and reached into his inside coat pocket with his right hand. A number of questions flashed through the officer's head. Why did he stop? Is he reaching for a gun? Should I beat him to the draw and fire first? The officer was reaching for his gun when he realized, from the suspect's action, that he was evidently out of breath, had stopped to rest and was busy emptying his pockets of stolen silk stockings so as not to be caught with them on his person. Had the officer



"Keep walking or we'll blow you to bits," the bandits warned. But police shot it out with them

not risked hesitating a few precious seconds, he might have fired at his quarry.

The risk of gunplay is the greatest when we've tracked armed criminals to their hideout. For our protection, our raids are carefully planned. First, we try to learn something of the layout of the premises. In an apartment house, we can usually get this information by studying the plan of the suite above or below. If it's a rooming house, we question the landlady. Zero hour is usually between four and seven in the morning. Officers are assigned to all escape routes such as back doors, windows and fire escapes.

Three or four officers will then approach the front entrance quietly. We use a key to gain entrance—if we have one. If we don't, the first man will charge the door with his shoulder, knock it down and fall to the ground. If he doesn't succeed on the first try, we're in trouble. The three men behind go charging in over the first man with guns drawn.

How two-team raids work

This raid routine has saved the lives of many officers. A local bank was once robbed of nine thousand dollars, and our hottest suspect was a man we traced to an expensive apartment suite in Montreal. As we went sailing through the apartment door, he was at the far end of the living room. He turned and ran down a hall to the bedroom. We reached him just as he was grabbing a revolver from a top bureau drawer. On another occasion, we learned that two men we suspected of knocking off a downtown bank were hiding out in a rooming house not far from Queen's Park. The landlady told us, "They've each got their own room on the second floor." Two teams of raiders broke into the two rooms simultaneously. Each of the suspects had a loaded revolver resting on his bedside table. Fortunately, they didn't have time to reach for them.

Unfortunately, it's not always possible to avoid bloodshed. One autumn evening, a few years ago, an east-end druggist was preparing to close shop when he was accosted by three gunmen. After emptying the till, they gagged and bound him and left him. We got a description of the trio from a girl and boy who had been parked in a car nearby and immediately assigned men to search all the streets, alleyways and restaurants in the vicinity.

One policeman saw the three suspects in a booth in a small restaurant and went to the tobacco store next door to summon help in making the arrest. However, he had been spotted and, as he left the store, the three men confronted him with drawn guns. They took away his gun and flashlight. "Keep walking to the corner or we'll blow you to bits," they threatened. The policeman had only gone a few yards when he saw a motorcycle officer approaching. Fearing for the officer's life if he came any closer, the policeman shouted a warning and dived under a parked car. A gun battle ensued. Our two men were soon joined by another motorcycle officer and a cruiser. When it was over, one of the criminals lay wounded on the sidewalk and the other two had fled. We had no casualties.

The wounded man was William Vern Eagles, a well-known hoodlum wanted for theft, armed robbery and rape. We had an ambulance bring him to the hospital. Searching his clothing, we found a slip of paper giving the name and address of another criminal. Four officers hurried

to the address, an apartment over a store. While trying the door to see if it was locked, a voice came from within, "I'm warning you guys . . . I won't be taken alive and I'll take a few coppers with me."

Outside the apartment door, I pleaded with the man — Dean Pelton, one of Eagles' accomplices—to give himself up without violence. "Okay," he said, "but

give me thirty seconds to write a note to my wife." Instead of writing, Pelton went to the front window of the apartment and fired on a young officer on the street below who was keeping back the crowd which had gathered. He was badly wounded. We then cleared the streets and, for twenty minutes, shot it out with Pelton. The fight ended with Pelton throwing both his guns out of the front window

and collapsing on the apartment floor. The next day we arrested Stuart Reade, the third man who had participated in the drugstore holdup. Fortunately, no lives were lost in this bloody affair.

Unlike the armed robber, the break-and-enter man likes to engage in larceny without other people being present. Each thief has his own special way of gaining entrance to a home or store. Some in-



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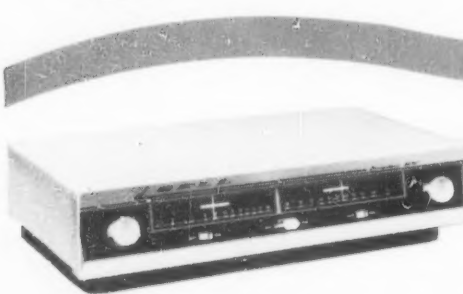
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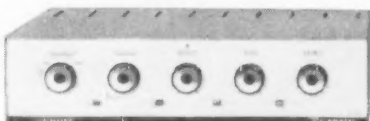
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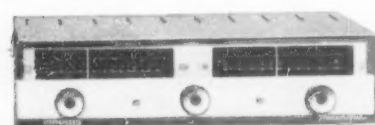
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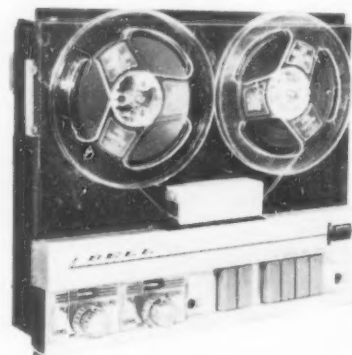
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variably break into basements, others are second-story men. Some like to pick a lock and enter a door, others prefer windows. One fellow, no bigger than a jockey, got into several homes through the milk chute.

Another memorable housebreaker was a man we'll call Ben the Butler. We first met him as the result of a phone call a few summers ago. A woman phoned and told us her neighbor left to spend a month in the country, yet she could see somebody moving about next door. We sent two men to the address, a twenty-five-room mansion. One officer scouted around the back of the building, the other knocked at the front door. It was opened by an elegant gentleman in a black coat and striped trousers, obviously the butler. The officer explained the nature of the complaint.

"I'm the butler here," explained the black-coated gentleman, "and I've just returned to pack my things. I take my holidays at the same time the family does." After a few minutes of conversation, the officer was satisfied that nothing was amiss and started to leave. Half way out the door, he caught sight of his colleague in the laneway, signaling that the back basement window had been broken. The officer stepped back into the house. There, he discovered four suitcases half filled with jewelry, silverware and clothing. The "butler" was a thief who had been released from prison four weeks earlier. With his rehabilitation money he had bought a butler's outfit and gone back into business.

How cheque artists operate

Our friend, Ben the Butler, looked as sanctimonious as a Sunday school teacher. That's the way it is nowadays: crooks don't look like crooks any more. This is particularly true of another specialist in larceny—the fraud and forgery man. He assumes dozens of identities, he falsifies documents, he does a thousand and one tricks with cheques and he has the ability to make monstrous lies believable. A good example of this type was John MacIntosh, a dark, curly-haired, former stick-up man of thirty-five, now serving four years for forgery.

MacIntosh worked with his own gang, which consisted of three couples, including himself. He and his entourage were constantly on the move, with a distinct preference for communities with large factories. By spending some of his time in beverage rooms, he would learn what a company's cheque looked like, when employees got paid, where they cashed their cheques. With this data, MacIntosh and his accomplices would print up phony cheques. On pay day, they'd fan out over town armed with false identification cards and cash some of the cheques at local banks. After the banks were closed, they'd descend on the stores, especially dress shops. MacIntosh's "wife" would select a forty-five-dollar gown, much to the chagrin of her "husband." "No dear," he would protest, "we can't afford more than twenty-five dollars." The wife would then decide on the less expensive item, whereupon MacIntosh would tender a pay cheque of \$200 in payment. Distracted by the argument and impressed by the identification cards, the merchant would co-operate. MacIntosh would leave the store with the dress and \$175 in cash. With each couple disposing of four or five bogus cheques, they could clean up two or three thousand dollars in a day.

MacIntosh was an honest operator compared to some cheque artists. One man used to pose as a chimney repair-

man. He would call on a homeowner—often an elderly widow—and convince her that her chimney needed fixing. After going through the motions of "repairing" it, he would present a bill for \$250 and accept a cheque. The next day he would return and say that he had overcharged for the job.

"Give me a cheque for \$150," he would say, "and I'll destroy the cheque you gave me." The next day, he'd be back again. "I've been going over my books and I think I can let you have the job for only \$90." The victim would issue another cheque for \$90, which the repairman would promptly alter to \$900. Thus, for a non-existent chimney job, the repairman would get \$900 plus \$250 plus \$150. This kind of criminal would never dream of destroying a bona fide cheque.

We had another cheque artist who specialized in bilking car dealers. He would carefully view new models in a showroom. When a salesman approached, he would say, "I'm just looking." But his "wife," who accompanied him, appeared to be more interested. "Look George," she'd say, "the firm wants you to buy a new car—so why not now?" Finally, he'd agree to buy a five-thousand-dollar car, giving the salesman a two-hundred-dollar cheque to close the deal. "But don't cash it," he'd say. "I'll be back later this afternoon with a certified cheque for the full amount from my firm." He'd return with the cheque (after the banks were closed) and take delivery of the car.

Using his forged certified cheque, he stole four expensive cars in one week. Then we were tipped off by a car salesman who had tried to cash one of the two-hundred-dollar cheques. When the forger took delivery of his fifth car, he was surprised to find a detective hiding in the rear seat.

We had another forger who started by opening up a bank account, for a small amount, under her own name. A week later, she obtained a bona fide certified cheque for \$19. With the help of an accomplice, she changed the \$19 to \$1,900; she also changed the signature. She presented the altered cheque to a jewellery store in payment for a diamond necklace. The next morning she was back at the jewellers. "My husband doesn't like this on me and insists that I return it," she explained. They gave her a refund in cash and she disappeared. By use of infra-red rays, we were able to make out the original signature on the cheque. We had her behind bars within twenty-four hours.

One of the forger's major problems is to obtain copies of his prospective victim's signature as well as his bank account number. He does this in different ways. Many forgers loiter in banks and retrieve spoiled cheques from the wastepaper baskets. Some will get friendly with delivery men who collect at the door for merchandise. We had one man who made himself known at a service station by buying gas four or five times. One day he made a purchase and asked if he could pay by cheque, knowing that the cheque would bounce. When he showed up again at the station, the operator presented him with the NSF cheque. "I'm sorry," he said. "Give me the cheque and I'll give you the cash." From the NSF cheque, the forger got a copy of the operator's signature and his bank-account number. The next day he cashed a bogus cheque for five hundred dollars on the operator's account. ★

In the next issue of Maclean's Chief Mackey will tell how police catch murderers.



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... the basement

"Battles between police and jobless were so common that only the biggest ones were newsworthy"

are often referred to as pogeys. But pogeys in the depths of the Thirties meant something as different from present-day unemployment insurance as panhandling is from drawing money from your bank account. The word expresses, by its very

sound, the sometimes harsh and always meagre allowances doled out to the unemployed.

Relief administration was not completely organized in many municipalities until 1933 or even 1934 when the De-

pression was almost half over. Even then the allowance for a family was slim enough. A Manitoba judge, L. St. George Stubbs, observed, "It's not quite enough to live on and a little too much to die on." Toronto had as high a standard as

any city in the country; by 1934 a family of seven in Toronto was given \$6.93 a week for food. Even though the 1934 food dollar did the work of two dollars and twenty cents today, relief recipients were in no danger of putting on weight. In many places the allowance was below the Toronto standard. In Newfoundland, not then a Canadian province, it was six cents a day for each member of a family.

It was not just being kept on the border of starvation that demoralized people. It was also the way they were treated in a world in which the pauper was traditionally scorned. Until 1933 all relief in Toronto was issued from the House of Industry, just a couple of blocks from downtown Yonge Street. The House of Industry had been built and staffed to take care of the poor who are with us always; suddenly their numbers were multiplied from the scores to the thousands. All day and every day the street in front of the building was choked with bewildered suppliants waiting their turn for a handout of oatmeal and beans.

The bitterness of drawing their subsistence in this fashion didn't rob some of the families of a certain ironic humor. One Toronto householder, finding the beans still rock hard no matter how they were soaked or cooked, paved his front walk with them over a period of months.

The stigma of relief

Even when voucher systems were adopted by nearly all municipalities, the stigma of being a relief recipient was still clearly advertised. Except for groceries, merchandise acquired by voucher was seldom wrapped. Merchants couldn't see why they should wrap shoe boxes or clothing when the customer was in no position to complain. When you saw a man with a coat over his arm during the Thirties it was a good bet that he was either on his way to the pawnshop or had just turned in a relief voucher for it. Many relief officials adopted a hostile attitude. Bessie Touzel, executive-director of the Ontario Welfare Council, says, "It was the old Puritan attitude toward individual worth. Many relief officials, police, and even magistrates and municipal councilors, held to the belief that anyone seeking help was worthless, and was fair game for humiliation and contempt."

I spent three days in a southern Ontario town for a Toronto newspaper reporting a strike of relief workers on a municipal project. There were frequent clashes with local police. Stones and tear gas bombs flew, and the Riot Act was read. The Ontario Provincial Police found that the incident had resulted from the insulting manner with which the town clerk had paid the relief workers each Friday.

Battles between police and relief recipients were a daily event. In one month, August 1934, forty-two such battles in Ontario were reported by the Toronto Globe. Probably as many more didn't make the papers. The Depression was not very old when news of unemployed delegations being pushed out of city halls or being cuffed around on street corners by the police became boring, and only the really stirring set-tos were considered newsworthy.

One of these was the great hunger march of 1935. A west-to-east cross-coun-



IMPERIAL by Hiram WALKER

...a whisky that is light, gentle and always appreciated

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try trek of unemployed started from Vancouver early in June, determined to mass on Parliament Hill at Ottawa and protest against inadequate relief. They were eighteen hundred strong when they reached Regina. City police and the RCMP descended on the "marchers" (most of whom were traveling by boxcar or hitchhiking) when they assembled in Market Square on July 1. In the bloody fight that ensued, a policeman was killed and scores of police and unemployed were injured. That march was stopped at Regina, but Ottawa saw other invasions of unemployed during the Depression, as well as such pathetic groups as the man and wife from Windsor, Ont., who pushed their baby in a pram all the way to Ottawa to plead for deportation to their native Poland, where things were sure to be better.

In 1935 Vancouver got a taste of real violence when three hundred unemployed stormed up Granville Street smashing shop windows. They entered the Hudson's Bay Co. store and had smashed or overturned every showcase on the ground floor before the police could stop them. Their reason was that they didn't like being unemployed.

Three years later, three hundred men crowded into the Vancouver Post Office and the same number into the Art Gallery. In both buildings they staged a sit-down strike that lasted a month. Their organizers patrolled the strike and saw that lanes were kept open to the postal wickets. A committee was formed to bring food and provide relief shifts for those who found marble flooring too much to endure more than a day or two at a time. The police tried in vain to evict them by cajolery, threats, and attempts to shove or roll them out. After a week the public found that three hundred jam-packed, bathless bodies were a repugnant gamut to run. Business at the Post Office was curtailed to a minimum. Patronage of the Art Gallery fell to nil. The strike was ended early one Sunday morning by a tear-gas barrage-fired by the city police. Out in the streets the strikers, augmented by five thousand sympathizers, overturned cars and smashed windows the length of Hastings Street.

Rural areas, too, had their special problems. In New Brunswick, potatoes sold for ten cents a barrel. Thousands of tons of them were left to rot in the fields. In the west, the price of wheat fell to fifty-four cents a bushel in 1933, but even at that price, wheat growers had little to sell; drought and sandstorms had seen to that. In 1929, Carl Langlet had harvested three hundred thousand bushels on his fifteen hundred acres near Rosebud, Alta. In 1930, he had a three-hundred-bushel crop, and a year later ninety bushels.

Beef brought two cents a pound live weight, hogs a cent and a half and eggs five cents a dozen. John Langlet, who was with his father on the farm in those days and is now living in Toronto, says, "All our implements and all our neighbors' implements went back to the finance companies. I often wonder what they did with all those separators, tractors and other machinery." Around Biggar, Sask., farmers burned grain in their stoves during the winter of 1932; it was cheaper than ordinary fuels.

Hundreds of families abandoned their farms and like war refugees crowded the roads in their desperation to reach the parklands or forest belt to the north where a fresh start was made at homesteading—with nothing. Bennett buggies were common vehicles in these migrations. Named for R. B. Bennett, who had the misfortune to be prime minister during the first five years of the Depression,

the buggies were automobiles whose owners could no longer afford gas, oil or licenses. The motors were removed, pairs of trees attached to the front bumpers, and teams hitched on to provide a slow but steady two horsepower.

In spite of such times the westerners didn't lose their bounce. In July 1933, the World Grain Exhibition and Conference was held in Regina. Forty nations exhibited. During the two weeks of the show the provincial government allowed show visitors to drive without license plates. Hundreds of cars which had stood

idle for two or three years in sheds and garages (but still had motors) rolled gaily to the exhibition.

Such mass gaiety was probably as much a gesture of defiance of the fates as it was genuine enjoyment. Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., in his book, *The Crisis of the Old Order*, describes the mood of the Thirties in a few cogent words: "The well-groomed men, baffled and impotent in their double-breasted suits . . . the confusion and dismay in the business office and the university . . . the fear in the country club . . . the angry men

marching in the silent street . . . the scramble for the rotting garbage in the dump . . . the noose dangling over the barn door."

Surprisingly few people in Canada sought the release of the noose, but thousands must have been tempted. There were those living in the darkness of total unemployment and the few who kept their places in the sun with steady work at full pay. But there were many others, perhaps more numerous than the unemployed, who lived in a dreadful twilight ghost-ridden by pay cuts. In 1935

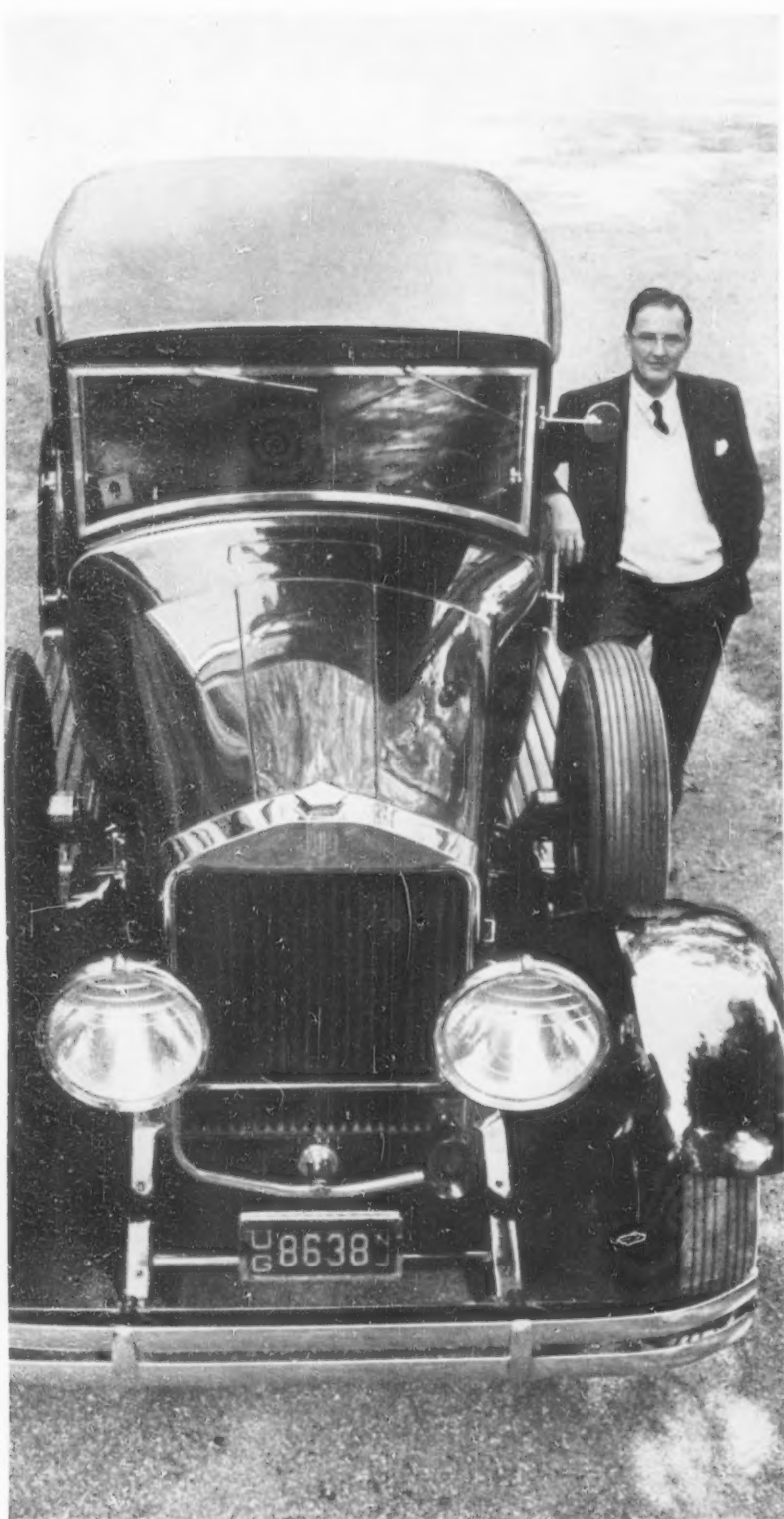


Portrayed for Tilden by the noted Canadian photographer, Walter Curtin

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the Royal Commission on Price Spreads found that the average wage for furniture workers was \$464 a year, chain-store clerks received from \$7.33 to \$13.46 a week (managers \$28), and in Montreal the needle-trades workers were averaging \$672 a year.

Every cent had to count. A friend of mine heard you could buy a live chicken for a quarter on Toronto's Spadina Avenue. He scrounged a quarter, bought a chicken and popped it into a suitcase. Along the street, the chicken started squawking, and my friend had to ignore the hostile glances of passersby and talk his way around a suspicious policeman. When the man reached home, the chicken sensed that the end was near. It escaped the moment the suitcase was opened and led the man a chase through the three-room flat while curious tenants collected outside the door. Finally the hen was cornered and slaughtered in the bathtub. The family ate chicken that night; luckily, the gas company didn't cut off their service until three days later.

What caused the Depression? The popular villain was the stock-market crash of 1929. But it was merely the thunder clap that signals the breaking of the storm. The financial atmosphere had been ominous for years. North American farmers who had boosted production to feed a still-reeling Europe in the postwar years found their markets dwindling as European agriculture got back onto its feet.

Farmers on this continent had bought more and more mechanized equipment, most of it on credit. Even before 1929 they were seventeen billion dollars in debt for buildings and implements, and their markets were shrinking. The U.S. banking system was feeling the strain of excessive lending. Much has been made of the five thousand bank failures in the United States during the early Depression years. What is often overlooked is that imprudent lending for goods and for stock market speculation had been mounting in the uncollectable columns from 1924. During the four years immediately preceding the stock-market crash there was an average of three bank failures in the United States every day.

Although a few warnings were heard in the late Twenties, prosperity was accepted by most people as one of nature's permanent blessings. Inventories were mounting slowly by 1927 and, except in most branches of the automotive industry, they continued to increase during 1928 and 1929, while production was allowed to career ahead unchecked. Then, as the Depression began, any chance of an early recovery was killed by some of

the measures that were taken. In 1930 the United States enacted the extremely high Hawley-Smoot tariff, which practically shut off the American market to the rest of the world. With customary hysteria, American investors abandoned their foreign fields practically overnight and many recalled loans already made. In 1931 the Creditanstalt of Vienna failed, starting a chain reaction of bank failures in Europe. By 1932 international trade was down sixty-five percent from the 1929 figure and world production had declined by thirty-eight percent.

People on a relief diet of oatmeal and tinned pilchard may have thought that the producers of these commodities were the only ones making any money. But there were other industries that flourished. As money for shows, dances, and other diversions melted away people found that their radios offered cheap, constant entertainment. In the first two years of the Depression Canadian radio manufacturers increased their sales by one hundred percent. Radio moved ahead, or at least altered its character, in the studios as well. It was the decade that introduced the Lone Ranger, such sonorously profound pundits as H. V. Kaltenborn, quiz programs and singing commercials.

The vitamin fad

These were good times for bicycle makers, too. In Canada in 1929, new cars had outsold new bikes, five to one. But in 1933, Canadians bought forty thousand new bikes and only 76,000 new cars.

Vitamin-pill makers did a thriving business among millions who couldn't afford varied diets. In 1938 alone, North Americans gobbled up half a billion dollars' worth of the pills.

It was also the decade when medical research produced the first sulpha drugs; and Sir Robert Watson-Watt startled British defense experts by showing them the position and course of an aircraft eight miles away — on a radar screen.

And, in spite of all the riots, grief and hunger, the inane segment of the population was as wacky as ever. A fad of eating live goldfish lasted several months. There was a briefer vogue for being buried alive. Jigsaw puzzles were revived, to become a less ephemeral pastime, along with Tom Thumb golf. A Montreal firm, John Lovell and Son, Ltd., was quick to capitalize on the jigsaw-puzzle revival. Every week, Lovell's put out a new 150-piece puzzle at twenty-five cents, and they sold by the thousands. A man could take a Lovell puzzle home, forget his worries



MACLEAN'S

"Who's the freak?"

for a couple of hours while he assembled it, then pull it apart and let every other member of the family have a turn.

It was also an era of cranks and crackpots—such as Howard Scott, a New York floor-wax manufacturer who became the apostle of Technocracy. Technocracy, a complicated and confusing theory for replacing "cumbersome money and credit" with "energy units," was fully understood by almost nobody; but it became a fashionable byword among parlor intellectuals.

Another baffling theory was Social Credit—the creature of a Scot named C. H. Douglas. A Calgary high-school principal and Sunday school teacher, William Aberhart, preached the vision of Social Credit to all Alberta, and most people seemed eager to listen. Like the men on the freight cars, they didn't know where it would take them, but it would be better than the situation they were in. In the provincial general election of 1935, they placed fifty-six Social Credit members in the sixty-three seat legislature.

During the next couple of years Aberhart gave Hitler and Mussolini some strong competition for space in Canadian newspapers. His determination to enforce Social Credit brought him frequent comparison with the two dictators. He tried unsuccessfully to compel the banks to back the scrip money with which he proposed to pay every Albertan a twenty-five-dollar-a-month "dividend" that was one of his election promises. And he championed the notorious Accurate News and Information Act, under which Alberta newspapers would have been compelled to print corrective or amplifying statements on government policies at the direction of the chairman of the Social Credit Board. (Though this bill passed the legislature, it was eventually disallowed by the Supreme Court of Canada.)

Social Credit was not the only party born during the Depression. The CCF, offering straight democratic socialism, came into being in 1932. Late in July that year leaders of several Canadian labor and farm groups met in Calgary and united their forces into the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. The following year its national platform was constructed and proclaimed at a Regina convention and became known as the Regina Manifesto.

All these were the products of the early years. By 1936 things were brightening. In 1933 more than nineteen percent of the labor force had been unemployed; by 1937 this dropped to nine percent, and although there were a few retrogressions after that, the economy was breathing deeply and regularly from the late Thirties on.

According to printed records the Depression ended twenty years ago. But it had too shattering an effect on too many people for it to have been forgotten. Because of it, thousands of young people who left school when it began were denied the satisfaction of doing an honest day's work until they were in their early or even mid-twenties. For many, the first thirty years of their lives were school, poge, war and—finally—work. The Depression was just as demoralizing for many older hands. A Hamilton man who had haunted the employment bureau from 1930 to 1938 was finally told to report to a north-end factory. He left the bureau with a jaunty step, but never showed up at the mill. An employment official found him at his home later that day in a fit of the shakes. Eight years of idleness had sapped his confidence in his own skill. He was afraid of botching the new job. ★



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We decided at last that the engine wasn't suitable. We began to remove it. It took us three weeks to dismantle the engine and to lift, lever, roll and hoist its heavy components to the deck. We spent

The crew of a small crane, after showing some concern for their equipment, hoisted the great parts of the Baltic

A black and white illustration of a lion's head in profile, facing left. The lion has a large, detailed mane. A small fly is perched on the bridge of its nose. The illustration is done in a simple, sketchy style with bold lines.



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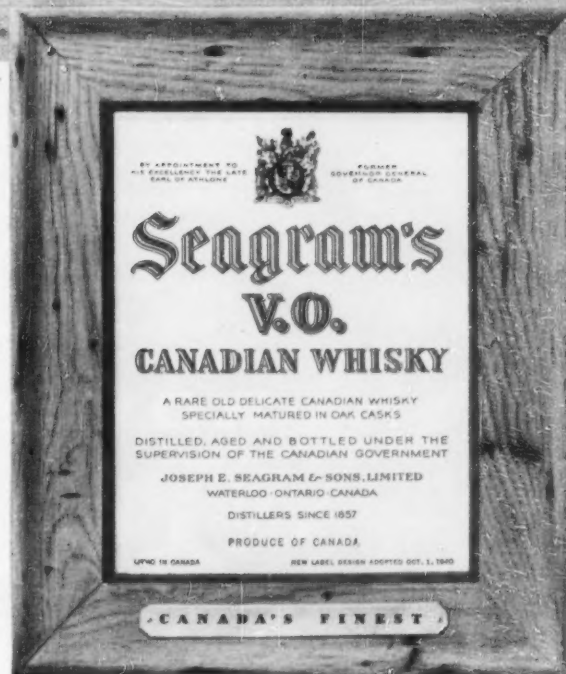


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Belle's engine to shore. Then we decided, once and for all, to finish the job we'd started and to give the Baltic Belle a good cleaning. We asked for steam from a tug which was alongside. For some reason we couldn't understand at the time it took a while to convince the skipper that we were serious. But we finally got a hose aboard and John and I manhandled it into the hold.

"Let 'er go!" we yelled.
 "You sure you boys want steam?" the skipper called, dubiously.
 "Let 'er go!"

He let her go. The steam came — great hot swirling clouds of it, blinding us, filling the hold and making the hose writhe like a red hot python.

"Turn 'er off!" we yelled, fighting the hose.

"Didn't think you wanted steam," the skipper said when we appeared on deck, soaked and dazed.

We compromised with hot water and detergents and after a lot of scrubbing, the Belle began to look and smell clean for the first time since we bought her. The South Seas still looked a long way

off, but they were closer by one layer of grease.

We helped the man who had bought the old engine deliver the six tons of parts to his neat little house in north Toronto. There, on his instructions, we levered the parts off the back of the truck, watching them bury themselves with earth-shaking crashes in the soft asphalt of his driveway. We left just as his wife arrived and started tearing strips off him. That afternoon we had the Baltic Belle towed back to her lagoon, where she settled into her berth smelling somewhat

better but scarcely any more shipshape.

With renewed enthusiasm, John and I began preparing for the erection of a new cabin we had designed for the Belle. We began removing a few feet of the deck planks.

At the second plank, the crowbar went through the wood like a knife through butter. Rot! I had taken some blows since the purchase of the Baltic Belle, but this one put me right onto the ropes. Determined to get all the bad news at once, I decided to remove every last plank that showed rot. There were so many of them that by the time we were through we had stripped the Baltic Belle to her deck beams. She sat there like a huge prehistoric skeleton. We investigated the eighteen deck beams and found that every one had rot at the ends. In grim desperation, I went below and furiously tore apart the finishing work in the fo'c'sle. Behind the four bunks, each timber was so rotted that I could literally shovel the remains of the wood overboard.

Right after that, John suddenly stopped talking to us and moved out of our house. Evidently he figured he'd had enough of the South Seas and of everyone who wanted to go there. Aleda and I decided to leave the Baltic Belle where she was for the time being.

She was still sitting there in the lagoon the following summer. It was now 1955, two years since we'd bought her. One pleasant holiday week end, Aleda and I took a short trip in our dinghy. When we got back, we found the Baltic Belle had sunk. We think that vandals opened her sea cock.

Although the Baltic Belle was well submerged in the shallow water, she hadn't lost her personality. She settled across the lagoon and obstructed a navigable channel.

The Algonquin Island Community Association petitioned the harbor commission to make me do something about it. I couldn't afford the cost of the tugs, cranes, and — possibly — divers needed to raise her, so I rented a massive chain block and, with the help of a neighbor, managed to shift the Belle across the bottom until she was clear of the channel. Then I rented equipment from a construction firm and tried to haul her up enough for us to pump her out. The Baltic Belle, fighting to the end, broke the twenty-five ton cable. I gave up.

I heard that an engineer on a Toronto ferry had said he could raise the Belle for sixty-five dollars. One day when I ran into him, I made a deal. I sold him the Baltic Belle, and everything that went with her except her bell, for a dollar.

The last I saw of the Baltic Belle she was lying with just her rail, her mast and her bowsprit showing above the water. For some time, whenever Aleda and I met Sidney and Joan, who now had a baby boy — something much better than a boat — we all shied away from mention of the Baltic Belle.

Eventually I built a boat of a size Aleda and I could handle ourselves. We called her the Boheme, and have since sailed her south to the land of our dreams.

But the Baltic Belle occasionally sails through our memories. We felt a little sorry for her and still wonder what could have been done to save her. And we realize that her last days taught us many things of far greater value than the cost of her tired old hull.

She taught us one thing in particular: that salty look doesn't come easy. To remind us of it, we just have to look aft on the Boheme, which still carries the fine, sound, eight-inch bronze bell of the Baltic Belle. ★

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Complete information and counselling on these two plans can be obtained from the nearest RCN Recruiting Officer, or by writing to Officer Careers, Naval Headquarters, Ottawa.

ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

report: "Physically handicapped workers, generally speaking, are: efficient from the employers' standpoint; have a sound attitude toward their jobs; evidence high morale; have on the whole an excellent record in such matters as output, attendance and accidents; and are highly regarded by their employers."

Despite this and later reports that have confirmed these facts again and again, in 1960 the number of blind Canadians who support themselves is still less than ten percent of the blind population. Not all the other blind people, it's true, are capable of holding down jobs: many are aged, and some have multiple handicaps. But I suggest that these exceptions leave a large number of capable men and women who have never been given a chance to work.

The charitable organizations for the blind appear to have accepted, to some extent, the popular view that the blind are helpless. Last year, the largest of these organizations, the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, spent less than a twentieth of its budget on "employment, counseling and placement in general industry." It spent the same amount on books, braille and recordings.

These statistics seem to me moving enough, but they do not tell how it feels to be blind and abandoned. Five years ago a middle-aged man who had recently lost almost all his sight came to me and asked for a chance to work. He had already been to the CNIB and the Federation of the Blind. Both had turned him away with no encouragement and little consideration. Everywhere he went he was treated the same way. He was close to breaking.



THE PROFESSIONS: 21

The Janitor

Superintendent, Monitor, Guard, Custodian, Supervisor — hard Though it may be to recognize The Janitor in this disguise.

He is the same old willing horse Who tends the furnace, sweeps the floors, Puts out the garbage, rakes the ground, And when you need him can't be found.

Mavor Moore

I was able to give him a job in the store at the front of my printing shop. He was educated, personable, lively and conscientious. From what I have known of sales clerks, I think any employer would have been lucky to get him. He has

since fallen ill and can no longer work. But while he could, he kept himself by his own efforts off the discard heap of humanity, where even the organizations for the blind had been willing to leave him.

Several thousand blind Canadians have been less fortunate. They are already on the discard heap — thrown there through a kind of discrimination that undermines a blind man's belief in his own usefulness and corrodes his self-respect. It leaves



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him few resources with which to resist the second ugly force that works against him — social segregation.

There is almost nothing anyone can say about the reluctance of most sighted people to introduce the blind to their homes and their interests. It is simply a painful fact. The blind are left to solitary darkness or to the company of their own kind, like Negroes are in Johannesburg or the Jews were in Warsaw. I believe very strongly, though, that the organizations for the blind could break down this reluctance in some cases if they went about it with good will and intelligence.

Many of the social events and recreations these organizations arrange for the blind are almost perversely designed to enforce segregation rather than attack it. How would a fair-minded man describe this common practise:

A service club or community group sponsors a second-rate musical performance and rents a hall far bigger than the quality of the entertainment warrants. The tickets don't sell well, and the club, unwilling to stage its mediocre show in a half-empty hall, phones at the last minute to an organization for the blind and requisitions fifty or a hundred spectators. The blind men and women, feeling an obligation to their organization, go whether they have any interest in the second-rate performance or not. Everyone has seen them at these unhappy gatherings: three or four or five rows of white canes and blank eyes, sharply segregated from the "normal" audience around them.

Everyone has seen, too, the photographs of blind golfers and bowlers that often add a twinge of human interest to the sports pages. But does anyone suppose that there is any pleasure for a blind man in aiming a ball at a target he can't see? Golf and bowling, again, are almost perversely designed to accentuate the blind man's handicap. They are a form of mockery.

I can testify that a blind man can

participate in some recreations with real enjoyment and a certain amount of skill. Ice skating with a sighted partner is one, and dancing with a sighted partner is another. I do both with a degree of pleasure that would seem laughable to anyone who takes them for granted, and I swim, sculpt and build model railroads with just as much enjoyment. One blind Montrealer, they tell me, is one of the most accomplished water skiers in the area. All these activities give a blind man a chance to chip away at the wall of segregation by enjoying the company of his partner. But I have never heard of a skating party arranged by any of the organizations for the blind. When they arrange a dancing party it is almost invariably a lesson in segregation: the blind dancing cautiously with the blind.

This dance goes on endlessly in the name of charity. I do not question the motives of the charitable organizations that set the blind dancing with the blind, not those of the fair-thinking people who support the organizations. They are sympathetic and generous. But their charity has run off the rails. In the end they deal with the blind by giving them a handout and a measure of pity.

At the cost of nothing but good will, employers could drop the fence of discrimination and give the blind a chance to compete for useful work. At the cost of discarding a prejudice, the sighted neighbors of the blind could lift the barrier of segregation and introduce the sightless to the warmth of normal social life. At the cost of understanding the real problems of the people they work with, the charitable organizations for the blind could fight discrimination and segregation instead of dealing in handouts and pity.

Until they do, I reject the kind of charity that sets the blind apart in a dependant, anguished, and defenseless minority. We are people. We are no less human because we can't see. ★



"Don't fool around with that little guy."



Donald Fleming: the man who spends your money continued from page 17

"He's about as warm as a snowplow blade, but colleagues admire his ability and persistence"

image among the majority of Canadians.

Fleming's decisions affect us all, but with the sober approach typical of the man, he has applied himself so closely to his job at Ottawa that he remains the least known of the major figures in the Diefenbaker cabinet.

Fleming has consecrated the same effort and seriousness he gives his present position to almost everything he has done in his fifty-four years — whether it was being a drum major of his high-school bugle band at Galt, Ont., a star of the undergraduate wrestling team at the University of Toronto, a bright young counsel in Ontario's civil courts, a fervent gospel preacher to noon-hour groups of Toronto businessmen, or the scrapping gamecock of the Tory benches in parliament during a dozen frustrating years in opposition at Ottawa.

Fleming's political career gives the appearance of having been deliberately blue-printed almost since birth. He hasn't lost a public election since 1937, when he entered politics as a candidate for the Toronto Board of Education. He has been the head of half a dozen influential Protestant religious organizations. He eschews alcohol and tobacco and rarely enters into irrelevant pleasures of any kind.

Fleming, a right-wing Tory, refers to the republicanism of the CCF as "utterly irresponsible," and it's typical that the only pictures in the bedroom of his home in Ottawa's Rockcliffe Park are autographed portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. Fleming's mind has a blotting-paper ability to take the essentials out of even the most complicated document, but paradoxically he is hampered by a preoccupation with details. In 1955 he stood up before the eleven hundred delegates to the Canadian Bar Association convention in Ottawa and delayed a proposal for changing the Canada Evidence Act, on the grounds that a semicolon had been omitted.

Donald Fleming appears to be regarded by most of the people who know him as more of a model than a human being. "I know him intimately, but I don't think I'd want him as a pal to knock around with," says one Toronto executive who has been a friend of Fleming's for thirty years. "He takes life far too seriously, he'd always be thinking at a much higher level than I would."

Most Ottawa politicians respect Fleming, but they also regard him as having a personality as warm as the blade of a snowplow. "There are times," says Liberal leader Lester Pearson, "when the minister of finance has all the irascibility of Donald Duck, without the Duck's endearing qualities."

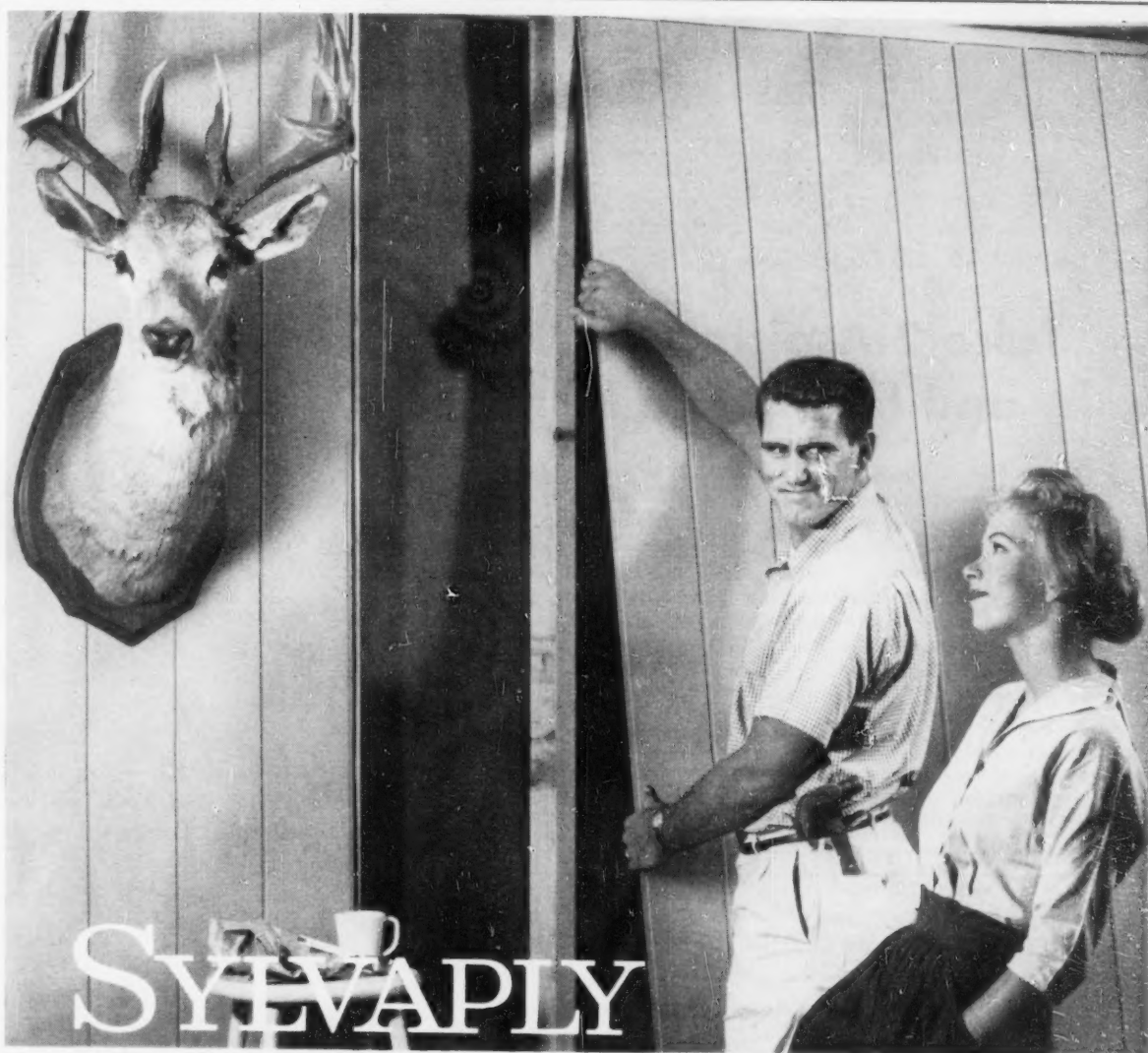
Fleming is genuinely puzzled by accusations that he is humorless. "I hope I can claim," he says, "that I take my job seriously without taking myself too seriously." He blames the heavy bones in his forehead for his impassive appearance. A chunky-shouldered compact man, he walks with a bantam-cock gait that expresses an aggressive determination to deal with obstacles in fearless collision. His voice becomes loud when he's excited, but seldom changes pitch.

Fleming claims that when he became finance minister after the Tory victory of 1957, he knew so little about his responsibilities that he wasn't fully aware that he had also become receiver general of

Canada. This second title means he is the official collector of the five billion dollars Canadians pay into the federal treasury each year. He has since been diligently learning the intricacies of his office. "Don Fleming knows more about his job and

the implications of what he's dealing with than any other minister of finance I ever worked for," says Dr. Kenneth Eaton, who served as an assistant deputy minister under six finance ministers and retired recently to become a private tax consul-

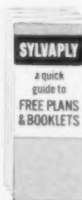
tant. Fleming has managed to gain a great measure of respect from his staff, which includes some of the most brilliant government employees in Ottawa. Although he publicly rebuked James Coyne, governor of the Bank of Canada, during



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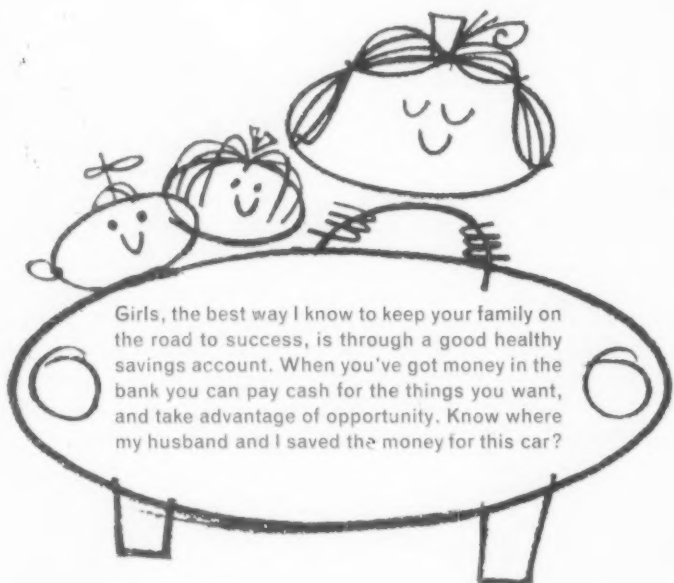
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the 1958 election for claiming that the Liberals had not followed a policy of tight money, Coyne recently told a private meeting of bond dealers in Ottawa: "When the history of these times is written, and the whole story of the part that Donald Fleming has played is known, the people of Canada will realize their debt to him."

Fleming is in much the same situation as his Liberal predecessor, Walter Harris, whom he blamed for tightening Canada's money supply, but he vehemently insists that there is a fundamental difference in his position—that while the Liberals deliberately restricted the money supply, the current tight-money situation has come about naturally as a result of too great a demand for credit.

Despite Fleming's automatic unpopularity with most taxpayers, he's happy at Finance. In the spring of 1959, after the death of Sidney Smith, the secretary of state for external affairs, it was widely predicted that Diefenbaker would pick Fleming as Smith's successor. Fleming

won't admit even privately that he was disappointed not to get the more popular job, but Ottawa pundits generally believe the main reason he wasn't transferred was simply that Diefenbaker didn't have anyone else he considered capable of filling the finance portfolio.

The prime minister has underlined his high regard for Fleming by picking him as his seat-mate in the House of Commons. The minister of finance usually is considered the second most senior man in the Cabinet, but it's the first time in thirty years that Finance has shared the prime minister's parliamentary desk—an honor customarily reserved for the Quebec lieutenant of an English-speaking PM.

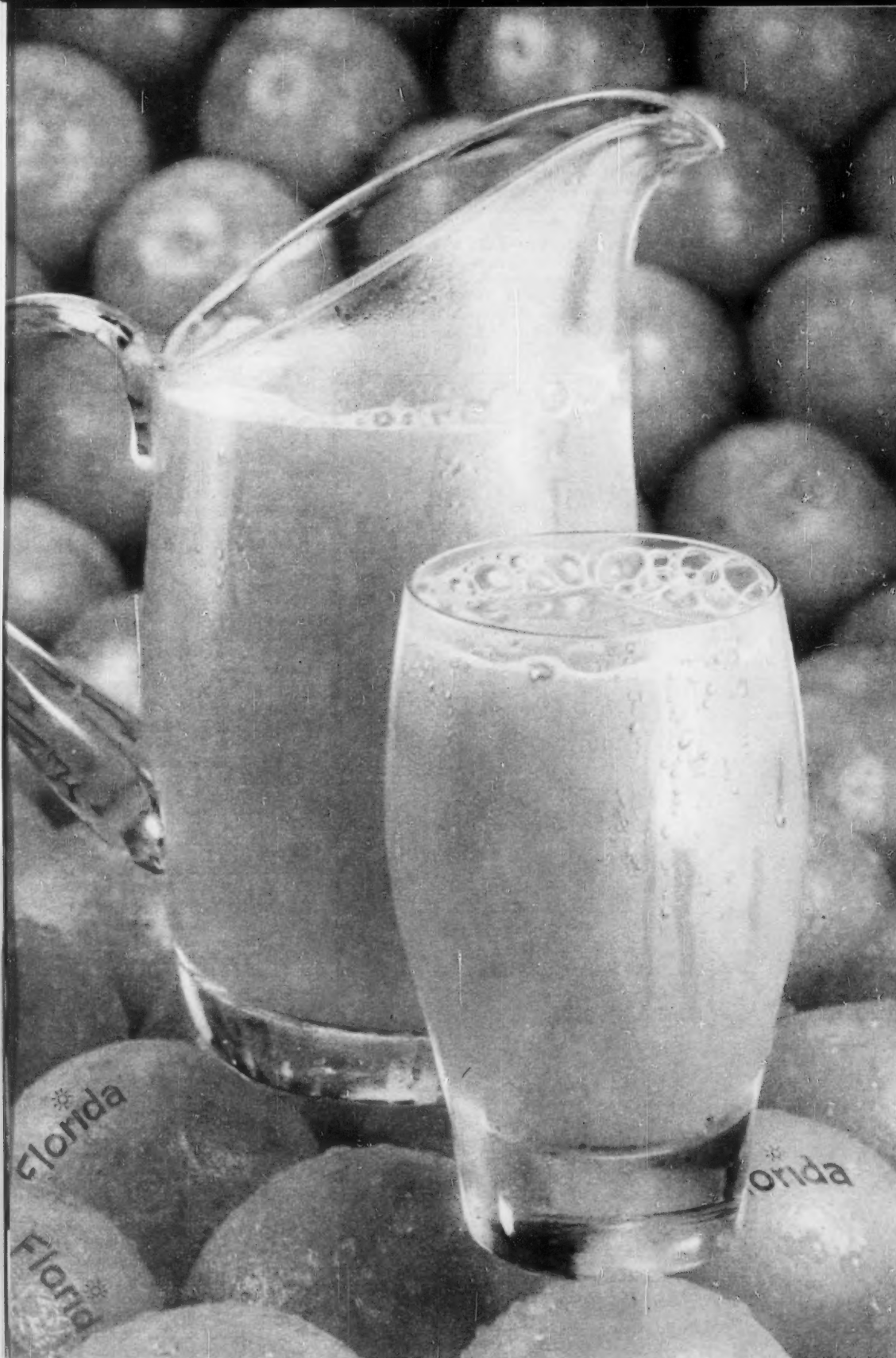
Those who have analyzed the actions of the Diefenbaker cabinet say that Fleming's influence reaches far beyond the affairs of the finance department. He is generally considered to be the second most powerful man in Ottawa today. No Canadian finance minister since World War II has received so many delegations of businessmen as have swarmed into



An avid walker, Fleming also enjoys an occasional dip in the Chateau Laurier pool.



At breakfast (oatmeal, toast), his dog begs a handout from the finance minister.



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Fleming's office during the last two years.

"But his decisions," says a senior civil servant in the finance department, "are strictly his own. They're not pumped into his brain by his staff, or whispered into his ear by politically influential outsiders." Fleming's friends complain he is almost too scrupulous in resisting the influence of special interests; they often feel their past friendship actually harms their cause. "Don won't be swayed by anyone this side of God," says one long-time friend.

Fleming attracted national attention to

his office habits in 1957 by claiming in his first budget speech that he had worked harder than any of his predecessors. "But may I say very humbly," he concluded, "that seventeen to eighteen hours of work per day and a hundred hours' work per week are an insignificant price to pay for the high privilege of serving Canada." Hearing this boast, one former Liberal cabinet minister quipped: "If conceit is the small man's sword, Fleming is the best-armed man in Canada."

Although he has since begun to relax a bit more, Fleming still works at least

three hours every night and most of Saturday. "If I don't," he says, "I fall behind." Last summer he rented a cottage in the Gatineau country near Ottawa for a three-week rest, then spent all but three days commuting to his office.

His daily Ottawa routine begins at 7 a.m. with a shower and breakfast of oatmeal porridge, a glass of milk and one piece of toasted brown bread. Next he walks a quarter of the 3½ miles between his home and office, before his wife picks him up for the balance of the trip in their 1960 Oldsmobile.

Every ten minutes on Fleming's daily work calendar is accounted for in advance. He even works while his hair is being trimmed by Emil Simonsen, a Danish-born Toronto barber he brought to Ottawa as his confidential messenger in 1957. Fleming dictates an average of seventy letters a day and attends at least three long conferences. He leaves his office at 7 p.m. for home, a rented split-level bungalow in a modest section of Rockcliffe.

He sold his Toronto house last year, because he found he couldn't afford to operate two establishments, but still maintains a small apartment in his riding. He spends most of his evenings at home working in a basement study lined with a complete collection of Hansards, including the Hansard library of Sir Robert Borden. He claims that he can get along on five or six hours' sleep a night.

"That's because I never worry once I've made a decision," he explains. "It's partly a matter of disposition, and partly a matter of will, but there is also some religious belief in my attitude. I resort to prayer very often in my day-to-day dealings with the problems of my office. God answers prayer. One verse of scripture I have found particularly useful: 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.'"

Ginger ale and Bible readings

Fleming regards religion as the most vital factor in his life. "I am not ashamed of talking about the gospel of Christ," he says. "It is the power of God and our salvation. The Bible is the basis for all political freedom." He insists there is no conflict between religion and politics: "I'd hate to think that there would be any antagonism between public service and a man's religion."

An elder and former general superintendent of Sunday schools for six years at Bloor United Church in Toronto, Fleming has also been president of the Upper Canada Bible Society, and was, for twenty years, head of the Businessmen's Noonday Bible Club, a group of Toronto executives who meet once a week for sermons and Bible readings. He has preached few sermons himself since assuming office, but still occasionally conducts religious services at Tweedsmuir House, an old people's home in Toronto.

At Ottawa cocktail parties Fleming sips ginger ale and even refuses to toast the Queen with wine. His pious habits were inculcated in him when he was growing up at Galt, Ont., where his father was a high-school mathematics teacher. "I had a very strict upbringing," he recalls, "but I say this gratefully, not critically." Young Donald had to spend much of Saturday preparing his church lessons, polishing his shoes and laying out his best outfit for Sunday. Despite the absence of irrelevant pleasures at home, Fleming became drum major of the Galt Collegiate bugle band, and earned the nickname "Ginner"—a contraction of "Ginger," which, he says, referred to his temperament rather than the color of his hair.

Fleming entered the University of Toronto's course in political science at the unusually young age of sixteen. Although he eventually won three academic gold medals and six scholarships, he had to help make up his university costs by spending the summers working as an elevator operator in Galt. The balance of his university fees he borrowed from his father, who charged him interest. One fall his budget was so limited that he had to sell his previous year's textbooks to meet the tuition payment.

Fleming took his studies very serious-

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Detractors brand him colorless, but he once called C. D. Howe "an over-stuffed Mussolini"

ly and urged his companions not to partake of the bootleg wine being sold students at a Bloor Street shop during the days of Ontario prohibition. He also won his college colors as quarterback on the senior arts rugby team and became a champion wrestler of the inter-faculty contests.

Soon after enrolling in a law course at Osgoode Hall, Fleming began his political career by stumping Bruce County during the general election of 1926, for Colonel Hugh Clarke, the Conservative candidate. He was just twenty-one, and preparing to cast his first vote in the same election.

Fleming's new political interests were soon overshadowed by his courtship of Alice Watson, a volunteer social worker at the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital. He married her in 1933, the year he became a partner in Kingsmill, Mills, Price and Fleming, one of Toronto's oldest law firms. The Flemings now have three children — David, twenty-three, studying at the Ontario Agricultural College; Mary, twenty, an arts student at the University of Toronto; and Donald, seventeen, who lives with his parents in Ottawa and attends high school.

During the first five years of his marriage, Fleming built up an increasingly profitable law practice, specializing in complicated litigation cases. Then in 1937 he was persuaded by friends to run for the vacant Ward Nine seat on the Toronto Board of Education. He headed the polls, and the following year was easily elected as Ward Nine alderman.

Fleming's unspectacular but sound record at Toronto city hall ended in 1945, when he accepted the nomination as Conservative candidate for Toronto-Eglinton. The riding had been Conservative since its formation in 1904, except for the Liberal incumbent elected in 1940, whom Fleming set out to beat. Aided by his popularity as an alderman, he upset the Liberal by an eight-thousand-vote margin.

Fleming has since built one of the best organized constituency political machines in Canada. It's so efficient, in fact, that at breakfast on the morning of the 1953 general election, he wrote down for his wife a forecast of the day's vote. He gave himself 17,500 ballots, compared with the Liberals' 12,500. After the vote had been tabulated that evening, Fleming had received 17,354 ballots; the Liberal vote was 11,190. It was the largest majority awarded any Conservative candidate in Canada during a disastrous year for the party.

Fleming's electioneering tactics are unusual. He has abandoned the traditional vote-getting methods of holding public meetings and conducting a personal door-to-door canvass. Fleming's substitute technique is a highly organized round of tea parties, held four or five times a day during the campaign, at the homes of his volunteer workers. He drops in at each party for half an hour to chat with about twenty invited guests, thus meeting at least a hundred people a day. In the last two elections Fleming spent three quarters of his time campaigning for the party outside Toronto, but he got more than seventy percent of the vote, and won every poll in his riding.

Since he first entered the House of Commons, in the fall of 1945, Fleming has applied the crude ground rules of municipal politics to debates, often with telling effect. In opposition, his speeches were remorseless rather than varied, frequently spiced with name-calling. He

once referred to James McCann, the Liberal minister of national revenue, as "stupid" and called former Justice Minister Stuart Garson "Canada's No. 1 Bandit." Fleming's Tory colleagues egged him on by stage-whispering "Give 'em hell, Don!" whenever he got up to speak, and privately nicknamed him "twenty goals and no assists Fleming," because he resented anyone's help in debate.

The Liberals, who at first made fun of the stubby Toronto Tory, gradually and grudgingly began to admire his persistence. "Having Fleming up on your estimates is like having Sherlock Holmes on your tail," one Liberal cabinet minister complained to a colleague during a 1948 parliamentary committee meeting.

Fleming was opposition spokesman on housing and social security during his

first six years in the House, then Conservative strategists delegated him as chief critic of C. D. Howe, the most powerful of the Liberal cabinet ministers. During his various attacks on Howe, Fleming referred to him, among other things, as "a menace to parliament" and "an over-stuffed Mussolini."

Fleming believes his most important contribution in opposition was a 101-



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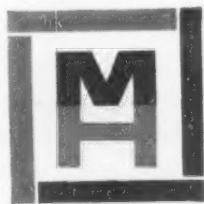
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minute speech he delivered in April 1956. In it he charged that the Liberals were ignoring the rights of parliament by setting a deadline on legislative action concerning the proposal to help finance the controversial natural-gas pipeline with government money. He was one of the most vocal Conservatives in the debate that followed, bringing up many of the issues that later contributed to the Liberal defeat.

On May 25, 1956, in the bearpit of the pipeline debate, Fleming challenged a ruling by the deputy speaker of the House who had refused to hear him on a question of privilege. "This isn't the way to run a peanut stand, let alone parliament!" Fleming shouted in white anger, as Walter Harris, the Liberal house leader, introduced a motion to suspend Fleming "from the service of the House for the remainder of the day's sitting." Such a drastic disciplinary measure has rarely been applied in the Canadian parliament.

After the motion to suspend him had been passed by the Liberal majority and Fleming was walking stiffly down the green-carpeted centre aisle of the Commons, Conservative and CCF members stood up to cheer their new martyr. John Diefenbaker, then a front-bencher in the Opposition, turned and whispered to his seat-mate: "Farewell, John Hampden," in reference to the seventeenth-century British statesman who led the revolt of parliamentarians against Charles I. Mrs. Ellen Fairclough, the Tory backbencher who later became minister of citizenship and immigration, draped a Canadian ensign over Fleming's vacant desk.

Because Mrs. Fairclough had shown the flag hidden in her desk to reporters the previous day, it was widely believed that the Conservatives had been planning deliberately to provoke the Liberals into the headline-catching expulsion. "It is a lie of the basest kind to suggest that my walkout was staged as a publicity stunt," Fleming insists. "It was a lonely moment for me that May afternoon, the lowest point of my life. I was sure that I was acting properly in upholding the principle involved, but I wondered if that would be understood outside the House."

Fleming claims that he began to realize the beneficial impact of his actions only when he flew back to Toronto that night and was met at Malton Airport by five hundred cheering supporters. He made a twenty-minute speech in which he declared that he was fighting a battle "for the democratic rights of Canadians yet un-

born," and, giving a Churchillian "V" salute to the crowd, drove home. He returned without incident to his Commons seat the following Monday.

Since the Tories won power, his parliamentary manner has become slightly less belligerent, but his speeches are even longer. His longest annual oration is, of course, the presentation of the federal budget. Last April he read his 20,500-word budget speech—the longest in years—in two hours and one minute, without even pausing for a sip of water. He bobbled only three words. "It's all a matter of complete control over your nervous system, and using your voice properly from the diaphragm," he says.

Fleming admits that he does not make witty cracks readily, but as an example of his sense of humor he recalls a trip down the elevator of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal last summer during a convention of the Automobile Dealer Associations of Canada. It was a time when the U. S. steel strike threatened the supply of Canadian cars. One slightly tipsy delegate, noting that he was in the same elevator as the country's minister of finance, remarked: "All these car dealers, and no steel." Fleming turned on the man and asked: "How do you spell that last word?"

"Anybody who says that Don has no sense of humor, just doesn't know the man," insists Albert Ward, a long-time Toronto acquaintance. "But he does have us pawing the ground for the punch line to some of his lengthy stories."

Ewart Fockler, a Toronto consulting geologist, who is Fleming's closest friend, describes him as a positive clown in the appropriate circumstances. "Why," he says, "every time we're invited out together, just as we're leaving, Don and I switch hats. His is several sizes larger than mine. Then we parade about with an effect that makes everyone laugh very hard."

Whether or not he really has a sense of humor in private, Tory strategists in Ottawa feel that the failure of his two attempts to win the leadership of the Conservative Party is due in large measure to the public image of Don Fleming as a cold martinet who commands great respect, but rarely warm affection. At both the 1948 and 1956 PC conventions, most of Fleming's backing came from Quebec, but it was not enough to make him a serious contender in either vote.

Fleming's French-Canadian support had a stronger source than the general

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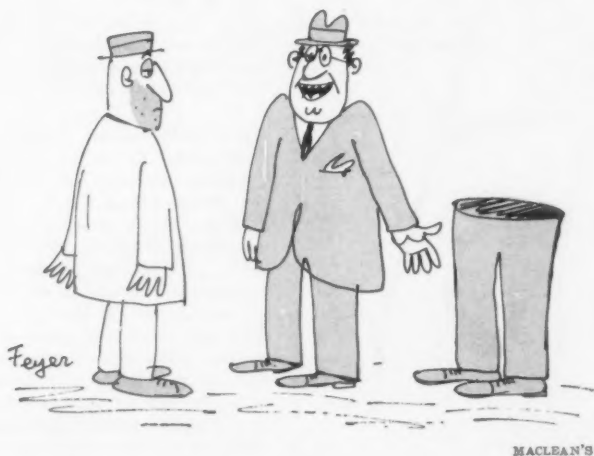
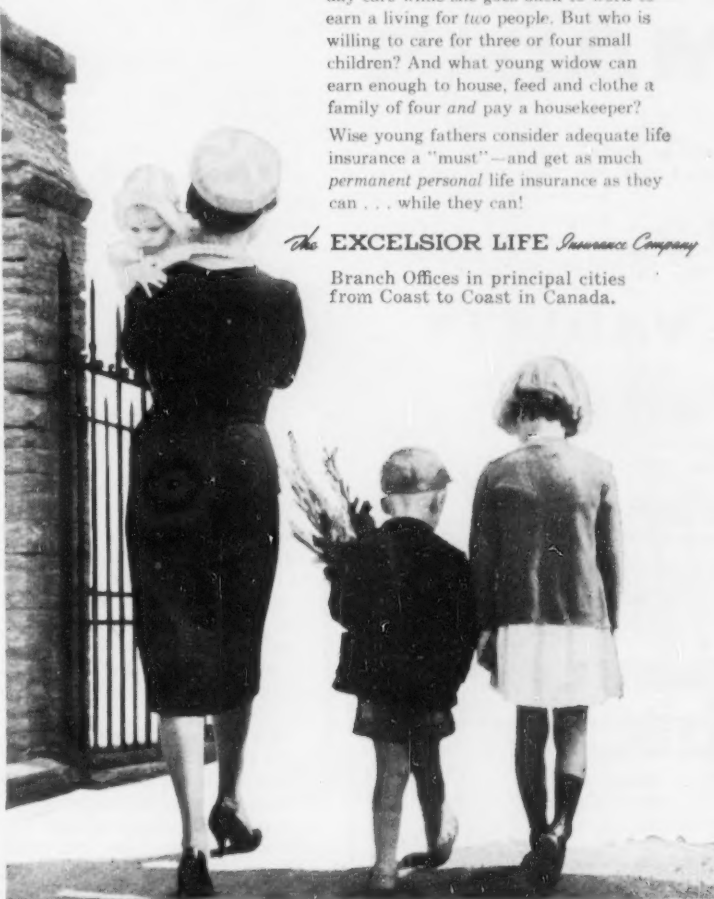
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anti-Drew and anti-Diefenbaker feelings of Quebec delegates at the two Tory conventions. His popularity in the province dates back directly to a speech he made in the House of Commons, on June 16, 1946. Louis St. Laurent, then minister of justice, had remarked that parliament possessed the legal right, without consulting the province of Quebec, to abolish French as one of the official languages of the House. Fleming shot to his feet and, speaking in French without notes, stoutly defended the constitutional position of the French language. The spectacle of a Toronto Tory, who was known to be a thirty-third-Degree Mason, defending their rights in their own language, delighted French-speaking Canadians of both parties. Fleming taught himself French after coming to Ottawa in 1945, mostly by lunching with Quebec MPs.

Fleming has made only one public

reference to his defeats for the party leadership. At a Tory convention held in Ottawa last December, he praised the delegates for having elected John Diefenbaker. "It's just three years since you made your choice. The party made no mistake that night!" he declared.

Despite such self-renunciations, most Conservatives in Ottawa are convinced that Fleming would be the candidate to beat in any leadership convention held without John Diefenbaker.

Fleming won't comment on his future. But when I recently spent a Saturday afternoon in his Ottawa office, he took me for a tour of the pictures hung there of the nineteen men who have preceded him since Confederation in the finance portfolio. As we stood before each portrait, Fleming explained the details of the man's political ambitions, and how they were achieved or frustrated. Two ministers of finance, Sir Charles Tupper

and R. B. Bennett, did climb the final rung of the Canadian political ladder. Others failed because they became ill, didn't want the higher office, or were otherwise unsuitable. "The evidence," Fleming summed up at the end of our tour, "is not conclusive that a term as minister of finance robs a man of respect in the eyes of the public."

Donald Fleming's personality makes it difficult for him to become a popular hero. But his stout devotion to the cabinet's toughest portfolio has prompted increasing admiration for his abilities, and he will no doubt remain one of the most important figures in Canadian politics during the next decade. Even Jack Pickersgill, the former Liberal cabinet minister who has been Fleming's least merciful critic in the House of Commons, has lately softened his judgment. "You're almost ready to admit," he says, "that the man is human at times." ★



London Letter continued from page 10

"Eden is condemned now — but I believe history will acclaim him"

marry Mrs. Simpson, Baldwin became a man of action. Relentlessly he built public opinion up to the point where the king was doomed. Baldwin was considerate in manner but unbending in purpose. Even at the peak of the crisis, when Winston Churchill threw his full support behind the king, Baldwin acted like a wise dictator and had his way. Here, then, was a man of many facets; yet he will be remembered for just one thing: his firm handling of the abdication crisis.

Neville Chamberlain moved into No. 10 just as storm clouds were gathering over Europe. He was a man with none of the genius of his father, the immortal Joe, nor any of the charm of his half-brother, Austen.

When he became prime minister, Britain had gone soft and was confused. It was one symptom of the times that the undergraduates at Oxford in 1938 had just passed a resolution vowing never to fight for king or country. Many of these youngsters were soon to die in battle dress.

Chamberlain, colorless and precise though he was, faced the awful challenge of events in the only way he could. Britain was unprepared for war and had to stall for time. Three times Chamberlain flew to talk with Hitler, and in the final meeting at Munich he signed the non-aggression pact.

"It is peace in our time!" he shouted to the cheering mob back in London. But in his heart he knew that Britain must arm herself for a mighty conflict.

Winston Churchill soon became the inevitable choice for prime minister for the simple reason that Chamberlain could never have led Britain to victory. As first lord of the admiralty, Churchill had loyally sustained Chamberlain. Then, with the Norway fiasco, he stepped forward to lead the civilized world against Nazi Germany.

Churchill was ready for the fight. While powerful politicians in Paris were demanding that France ask for terms of surrender, Churchill summoned us all to a secret parliamentary session. There he outlined the grim truth. We would have to face the ruthless bombing of England and the deadly menace of submarine

blockades. We were to prepare for invasion, and every man must be ready to fight to the end.

Such was Churchill's courage and inspiration at that hour when the survival of the free world depended on the British family of nations.

Clement Attlee became prime minister by shrewdly resisting Churchill's proposal to continue the wartime coalition through the reconstruction period. It was 1945—ten years since the last general election—so Attlee was both wise and justified in demanding that the Conservatives and Labor parties face the electorate. The Tories offered Churchill and nothing else. We were certain—and so was he—that the magic of his name would carry us to victory.

After the voting there was a long waiting period while ballots were gathered from troops scattered all over the world. Finally, when the counting began, my wife and I motored to the town hall of my constituency to see how things were going. We were interested in seeing how big the Tory victory would be.

At the hall, my chairman, with sweat all over his face, said: "Don't worry. I think you are in all right." What kind of a joke was this? I telephoned the Daily Express. "What's happening?" I asked.

"It's a landslide!" said the voice at the other end. "The socialists are sweeping the country!"



So great was the socialist victory that when we gathered for the opening of the new parliament, the Tories occupied only a small corner of the chamber.

History will acclaim Attlee for his welfare state but, at the same time, will condemn him for his failure to realize that his party could not hope to retain power on a class basis.

Winston Churchill moved back into Downing Street after the 1950 election reduced the socialist majority to a corporal's guard. But even the great are subject to the burden of the years. In 1955, Churchill asked the Queen to relieve him of the burden of the premiership.

Anthony Eden was a welcome successor. We were sad to lose the immortal Churchill, but we were glad that Eden was finally to achieve the glory that he had so richly earned. Unhappily, he had hardly moved into Downing Street when his health failed. Much later, when he flew to the U. S. for treatment, he was so thin he seemed a man of bones with a very minimum of flesh.

Then came Suez. History condemns Eden, but history has a habit of changing its mind, and I have no doubt at all that in the years ahead the Suez affair will be regarded as a vital action taken by the West to halt the spread of Russian imperialism. I believe history will acclaim Eden for his action as vigorously as he is now condemned in some quarters.

Harold Macmillan, Churchill's choice over R. A. Butler, was asked by the Queen to take over from the ailing Eden. Her choice so angered the mighty Lord Salisbury, leader of the Conservatives in the House of Lords, who had backed Butler, that he retired from public life.

Now we must wait to decide what will be remembered as the most important crisis in Macmillan's career. But even the single instance of his fearless and perhaps fateful statement of Britain's opposition to South Africa's apartheid policy indicates he will surely earn himself an important place among modern prime ministers. His self-discipline, his political genius, his perfect sense of timing and his broad sympathy for humanity may well win him the verdict of greatness. ★

The mysterious hormone

Continued from page 27

apart to find out what they are made of. Most of them are built from atoms of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, but the way the atoms are put together places different hormones in different chemical families. Insulin, the hormone secreted by the pancreas, is a protein; the hormones built by the outer bark of the adrenals are steroids; other hormones belong to chemical groups called, in the private language of organic chemistry, amino-derivatives, glycoproteins and polypeptides.

From the glands the hormones travel through the bloodstream by riding the much larger molecules of another substance called enzyme, a catalyst that moves around the body on errands of its own. When they reach the cells they control, the hormones become dictators over one or more of the cell's activities. Just how they act on their targets is one of the unsolved mysteries of the hormone system, but once they go to work the hormones govern almost every process of life: they develop the sex of an unborn child, regulate its growth, control its adult characteristics, and signal its decay.

Insulin — a "classic" hormone

While medicine still lacks the knowledge to interfere with most of these processes, doctors can manipulate some hormones with spectacular results. The classic example is insulin, the pancreatic hormone that regulates the sugar level in the blood. In 1921 Frederick Banting, who had just turned thirty, tracked down insulin in a Toronto laboratory. A few months later Banting and his collaborator, Charles Best, showed the world that a diabetic dosed regularly with insulin has no further trouble with blood sugar and can lead a normal life.

Doctors can now control many sexual maladies, including some cases of breast and prostate cancer, with doses of sex hormone that either accelerate or slow the body's sexual processes. When the thyroid gland secretes too little thyroxine, a hormone that governs the growth of vital nervous tissues, the result is the tragic cripple called a cretin. In the early stages of cretinism doctors can restore the victim to normal growth with doses of thyroxine.

In the 1950s science began to improve on nature by building artificial hormones. Cortisone is one of the steroid family of chemicals secreted by the outer husks of the adrenal glands. When doctors began reporting cortisone's savage side effects, chemists in hospital, university and drug company laboratories started an apostolic search for new steroids that would work the same miracles without causing the same occasional devastation.

They took the cortisone molecule apart and put it together again. By juggling atoms, they found they could ring endless changes on cortisone without breaking the steroid pattern. As fast as they built a new synthetic steroid their co-workers pumped it into experimental animals. New hormones more vicious than cortisone itself killed uncounted thousands of rats and dropped into the discard.

The chemists knew that Mexican yams

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produce a steroid, the only vegetable source yet discovered. When a rumor sprang up that a second steroid-bearing tuber was flourishing in the African jungle, two drug companies despatched pale chemists from New England laboratories to hunt down the equatorial prize and bring it back alive. They returned from safari sun-tanned and empty-handed. Meanwhile, in 1954, chemists at the Schering Corporation in New Jersey had (succeeded in building Meticcortin, a synthetic steroid three to five times more potent than cortisone, with side effects in some ways less severe.

Since then half a dozen other companies have found further refinements, each more potent and somewhat less vicious than the last. They have rushed their products to market in pills, salves, sprays, solutions and serums, alone and in combination with aspirin, antibiotics, vitamins, unguents and almost anything else that caught their eye. By the beginning of 1960 a conscientious Canadian druggist's stock of steroid hormones ran into hundreds of items. In the busy decade since cortisone sprang, benevolent and treacherous, from the Mayo Clinic's laboratory, manufacturing steroid hormones has become a \$90-million-a-year industry in Canada and the U. S.

Being hormones, these drugs rarely cure the diseases they fight. Strictly speaking, hormones don't fight disease at all. Rather, they influence the diseased cells to return to normal. As long as a patient takes regular doses of the hormone that controls his particular disease, his symptoms are curbed and he can lead an active life. This is why diabetics never knowingly miss a daily dose of insulin, or many asthmatics a dose of steroid hormone: if their hormone level falls too low, their agony returns.

Unlike insulin, though, the steroid hormones go to work on several processes at once in cells all over the body. Doctors can't aim them at a diseased target: Wherever the steroids find the process of inflammation, for instance, they fight it. But the trap of tissue the lungs build as a cage for live TB microbes is made of the same inflamed material that swells the joints of arthritides and rheumatisms. The same hormone that curbs these crippling diseases also sets free the vicious TB bacilli, if there happen to be any trapped in the patient's lungs.

This sweeping attack on inflammation, regardless of whether the inflamed tissue is the symptom of a painful disease or a useful defense, is a large part of the reason why doctors are reluctant to use the steroid hormones until they have tried everything else. It also explains why massive amounts of steroid hormone can sometimes rescue otherwise fatal cases of burning and freezing, two injuries that damage the body chiefly by inflammation.

Where the complex and contradictory hormones will take medical science from here is anybody's guess. So far, in fact, only one doctor has made an informed guess and assembled a systematic body of evidence to support it. This is Dr. Hans Selye's stress theory, the most controversial, misunderstood, and influential flight of medical thinking ever produced in Canada or, quite possibly, anywhere else.

The stress theory has a peculiarly fascinating, leap-frog history. In the 1930s Selye suggested that everything that disturbs the body — stress — alarms the pituitary. The pituitary in turn alarms the adrenals, and both glands then flood the body with their hormones, which try to help the body adapt to the disturbance. The majority reaction to this notion was to write it off, with varying expressions

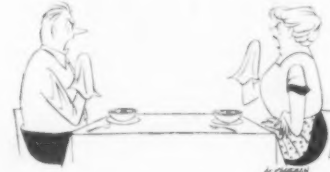
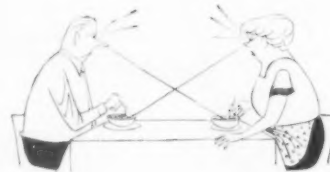
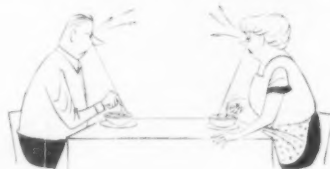
of unrelieved hostility, as medical heresy.

In the 1940s Selye went on to say that the adrenal hormones fall into two categories, inflammatory agents and anti-inflammatory agents. During stress, an imbalance of these mutually antagonistic hormones could cause any one of scores of diseases of the blood, heart, kidneys, and other organs, depending on the previous history of the organs. Selye called these hitherto unexplained disorders the diseases of civilization.

By this time Selye's outline of the pituitary-adrenal system under stress had become a standard medical definition. But the idea of a long list of "civilized" diseases caused by something as vague as stress touched off a second round of hostility. If Selye is right, medical men since Pasteur have been misreading their lines. Medicine in our century has concentrated on the body's invaders: microbes, poisons, injuries. The stress theory argues that medicine should concentrate on the body's defenders: the agents mobilized by the hormone system.

In the early 1950s, when cortisone and the synthetic steroids started to work against the so-called diseases of civilization much as Selye had predicted they would, many leading scientists began to lean toward Selye's heretical view of medicine. "Dr. Selye's work on stress is perhaps the greatest contribution to scientific medicine in the present century," wrote Sir Heneage Ogilvie, the editor of the *Practitioner*, a British medical review. Hostile authorities replied that the steroids are useful drugs but no more. While they obviously curb diseases, nothing proves they cause them.

Stress, Selye, and hormones have become three of the most incendiary words in the medical vocabulary. Selye himself



MACLEAN'S

has pointed out that eloquence is less likely to settle the argument than research, and has moved on to investigate the subtle processes that sensitize the body to the unpredictable activities of the pituitary-adrenal hormones. In the last few months the search has led him to make a series of extraordinary observations about heart failure:

If you block off a coronary artery in a rat, the animal will soon die. Selye believes the death is caused by stress, working on the heart through the pituitary-adrenal hormones. But if you block off the rat's artery and then dose the animal with potassium or magnesium salts, the rat will almost invariably live. Selye believes the salts condition the heart tissue to resist the hormones.

Blocked arteries are the most common cause of heart failure in human beings. Heart failure has become, in our century, the most prodigious killer of all time. Will Selye's salts prevent heart failure in man? It remains to be seen. But doctors who ignored Selye's predictions about the diseases of civilization are watching the results of his heart experiments with meticulous attention.

Elsewhere in the medical world thousands of other investigators are making somewhat less dramatic and controversial attempts to harness the elusive hormones.

In a score of psychiatric institutes in several countries, researchers are measuring pituitary-adrenal derangements discovered in schizophrenics and psychotics. By adjusting the hormone level in these patients, many psychiatrists now suspect, they may be able to control mental symptoms much as other hormone adjustments control physical ones.

In Massachusetts, Dr. Roger Robinson is gingerly exploring the effects of a synthetic sex hormone that appears to preserve all the qualities of femininity after a woman passes the menopause. At the moment he seems to be in command of a partial antidote for aging in women, a prospect of more than medical interest, particularly to women.

In New York, Dr. Harold Lovell and Dr. James Smith, among many others, are trying to find out why chronic alcoholics have a lower concentration of pituitary-adrenal hormones in their bloodstream than non-alcoholics. They believe alcoholism may eventually be treated by manipulating the alcoholic's hormones.

In Puerto Rico and elsewhere, field teams have tested a steroid hormone that is almost, but not quite, the elusive birth-control pill. It prevents conception simply and surely, but it carries the familiar hormone backlash: it nauseates some women, gives others headaches, and doctors fear it will leave others sterile.

In Boston, Dr. Sheldon Sommers has discovered evidence that men and women who die of lung cancer have abnormally active sex glands and adrenals. Like many other doctors, he suspects that hormones from these glands support the growth of cancer cells. If this is true, it might be possible to check lung-cancer growth by cutting off the supply of supporting hormones, or neutralizing them with antagonistic hormones.

This is a random cross-section of the intense gaze scientists in every quarter of the globe are now directing at the hormone system. These men are closer to the beginning than the end of the search for precise knowledge about the mysterious particles they are studying. Many of them are in violent disagreement over the slight knowledge they have, and they could probably reach complete agreement on only a single point.

Man is unlikely to understand himself until he understands his hormones. ★

We asked . . .

Should a person who wants to enter politics be required to pass an IQ test before running for office?

They answered . . .



Dr. E. A. Corbett, head of personnel, Canadian Association for Adult Education—This would be extremely difficult legislation to enforce. The voting public must be educated to demand a much higher level of intelligence on the part of candidates in municipal and federal fields than exists at present.



Dr. Reva Gerstein, psychologist—Of course not. This assumes that a high IQ score is directly correlated with many qualities which we would deem desirable in a political leader, such as genuine concern for one's fellow man, emotional maturity, a keen sense of responsibility, coupled with a desire to seek truth and justice. There is evidence of "diamonds in the rough" who have succeeded and contributed as political leaders.

There is also evidence of highly educated, intellectual men who have become politicians with harmful effects on society. Statesmanship is far more than a high IQ. What we need is alert, vigilant voters taught to recognize signs of emotional instability, and capable of resisting the lulling effects of clichés and platitudes expertly strung together.



Dr. Humphry Osmond, psychiatrist—I doubt whether this is necessary. The selection procedure of politics itself is probably better than any test. A personality test would be much more to the point. If only we could agree about the qualities necessary for the legislature and could exclude the unsavory. But we can't—yet. I do believe an IQ test of some sort for voters has much to commend it. It seems strange to me that people should be asked to vote on issues they do not or cannot understand. This is government by lottery not democracy. Perhaps between five to ten percent of voters are not intelligent enough to follow the issues at stake even when these are presented clearly and honestly.

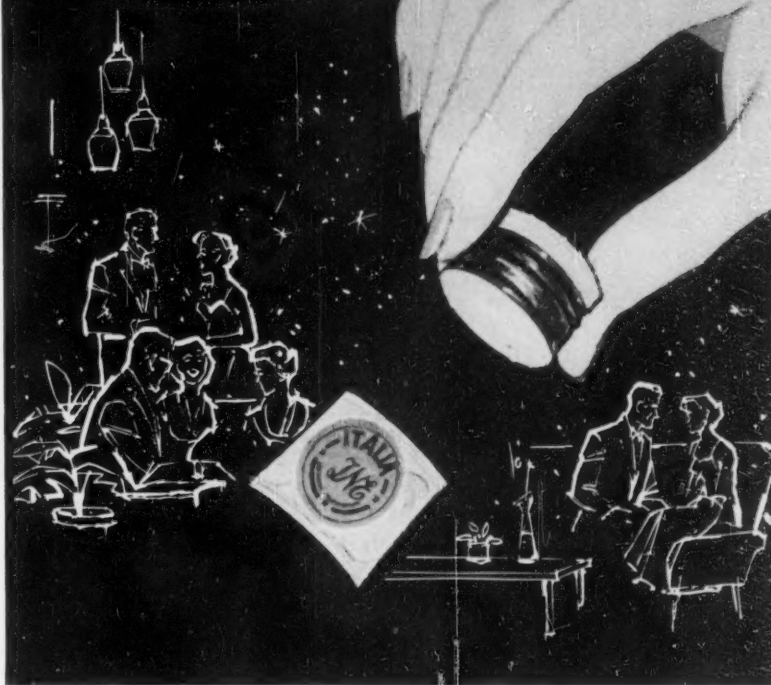


Dr. Charlotte Whitton, former mayor of Ottawa — Who would give the tests? And who would appoint and pay the examiners? It's the proponents of this plan who need the IQ test.

A five-dollar bill goes to Mrs. I. Murray, 107 Parklea Drive, Toronto, Ont., for submitting this question. Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like expert opinion? Send your question along with names of three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay five dollars for each question accepted.

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The rocky road to conformity

When a Toronto family decided to have a house built in the suburbs, Mother picked out a lot with a magnificent boulder in the back yard. Around it she planned to build a glorious rock garden. But on moving-in day she was aghast—her mountainous rock had disappeared. During landscaping, the bulldozer operator had thoughtfully buried it deep out of sight.

* * *

After a Vancouver woman rented a flat in her home to a pleasant young business woman it turned out that the tenant had to use the telephone a great deal. They talked the problem over amicably, the young woman readily agreed to get a phone of her own. This solved the problem until the first time both women wanted to telephone at once. Then they discovered the phone company had put them on the same party line.

* * *

A Montreal mother and her ten-year-old daughter were on a mild clothes-buying spree when another shopper overheard the youngster remark, "Isn't it nice, Mommy, to be rich and good at the same time." Mother agreed it was but asked what had led her daughter to this sage conclusion. "You are buying all those things for me and daddy didn't have to rob a bank to pay for them," said the child.

* * *

A couple of crooks from Toronto got their comeuppance when they tried to stage a big-city-style bank holdup in the Nova Scotia village of New Germany. They weren't caught right away, but the



whole embarrassing snafu was related in court: Masks snugly in place and one man brandishing a vicious-looking toy pistol, they walked boldly toward the local bank. But they didn't get past the front door. The staff always lock it each noon when they close up and go home to lunch.

* * *

Some real estate men are just too helpful when it comes to pointing out the living qualities of a modern home, as in this ad from the Sudbury (Ont.) Star: "Let your mother-in-law stay—This modern split-level has a lavish recreation room where she can do her own entertaining (plastered)..."

We gather that some TV stations are concerned about the looming necessity of providing a fifty-five percent Canadian program content. Does this explain a certain help-wanted ad in the Calgary



Albertan? It read, "Writer for TV scripts. No education, training or intelligence necessary. Apply box 10,000..."

* * *

A Saskatoon couple wanted in: the worst way to sell their big old three-story house and buy a nice modern bungalow, but despite a multiple listing with every realtor in town there were no takers for the old place. The disheartened housewife confided her troubles in her old friend the milkman, when she invited him in for a quick cup of coffee one morning. "Oh, so you're selling this house?" he asked. "Maybe I could look at it?" The housewife obligingly showed him through, then mentioned the asking price. "I'll take it," he said. She was dubious: wouldn't it be a bit big for him? The milkman shook his head. "Gosh, no, lady—this here's a darned good revenue house. I know, I got lots of them."

* * *

Somewhere east of Toronto just off highway 401 there is a hostess in a restaurant who doesn't know much about children, but she's learning. The family of four from Peterborough arrived for dinner—father, mother, 12-year-old son who looks his age and an eleven-year-old who might be mistaken for seven or eight and who is the family gourmet. The restaurant hostess beamed on the boys as she handed the parents menus, then asked the older boy if he could read and gave him one when he said yes. A bit archly she handed a menu to the little fellow as well and said, "Now you can feel like a big boy too." Young Jack flipped the menu open to a yellow card that announced oyster stew as the special of the day and demanded coolly, "Are these Malpeque oysters?"

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